*Jan. 4, 1941.

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Charley's Aunt—This old relic has been made into something you're almost certain to enjoy, mainly by Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Jan. 2.)

George Washington Slept Here—Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart present a very diverting explanation of what people who move to the country can expect. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, Percy Kilbride, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Jan. 2.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An extremely pleasant comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is magnificent. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies is pleasant and civilized, though a little thin in spots. Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Retreat to Pleasure—Irwin Shaw writes bright and accurate dialogue, but this time he hasn't quite enough to say. The Group Theatre's first production of the season offers Edith Atwater, Hume Cronyn, John Emery, and Leif Erickson, among others. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Sun. at 8:30, and Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. at 3, Sun.; at 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Twelfth Night—A very touching performance by Helen Hayes and a very subtle one by Maurice Evans in the Theatre Guild's first production of the season. They are supported by June Walker and Mark Smith, among others. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Flight to the West—A play by Elmer Rice, with Betty Field. Staged by Mr. Rice and produced by the Playwrights' Company. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Flying Gerardos—Florence Reed in a comedy by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. Staged by Mr. Nicholson and produced by Edward Choate. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Fri. and Sat., Jan. 3-4, at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat., Jan. 4. Subsequent schedule to be announced.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is nearly all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—Ethel Waters in an all-Negro musical fantasy which is fine, though occasionally a bit elaborate. Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, Rex Ingram, and Katherine Dunham support her handsomely. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J just as active as they were back in 1936, when all this started. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson has come back to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," and practically anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, sponsored this skating show, which starts off by being very exciting and then gets somewhat tiresome. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A superior musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some fine songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Leila Ernst are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Lady Who Came to Stay—Mady Christians and Mildred Natwick in a play by Kenneth White, based on a novel by R. E. Spencer. Staged and produced by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Thurs., Jan. 2. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Eight o'Clock Tuesday—Pauline Lord, McKay Morris, and Bramwell Fletcher in a play by Mignon G. Eberhart and Robert Wallsten, based on the Eberhart novel "Fair Warning." Opens Mon., Jan. 6. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Night of Love—Rowland Leigh and Robert Stolz have turned the Lili Hatvany play "Tonight or Never" into a musical. Produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert. Opens Tues., Jan. 7. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—A comedy by Joseph O. Kesselring, with Boris Karloff, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair. Produced by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Opens Wed., Jan. 8. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth and Paul Draper—Appearing together in a monologue-and-dance recital: daily through Sun., Jan. 5. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Eves. at 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Sat.)

No for an Answer—An operetta by Marc Blitzstein, presented as a benefit for the American Rescue Ship Mission: Sun. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:40. (Mecca Temple, 133 W. 55. CI 5-9757.)

Triangle Show—Princeton is calling this year's venture "Many a Slip": Fri. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 3-4, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 4, at 2:30. (Al Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 58. CO 5-8707.)

BALLET

Original Ballet Russe—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Les Sylphides," "Paganini," and "Aurora's Wedding," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 2. . . . "Schéhérazade," "Choreartium," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Jan. 3. . . . "Carnaval," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Jan. 4. . . . "Children's Games," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Jan. 4. . . . "Children's Games," "Le Coq d'Or," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor," Sun. Aft., Jan. 5. . . . "Aurora's Wedding," "Prodigal Son," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Eve., Jan. 5. . . . "Good-Humored Ladies," "Destiny," and "Le Coq d'Or," Mon. Eve., Jan. 6. . . . "Good-Humored Ladies," "Fantastic Symphony," and "Aurora's Wedding," Tues. Eve., Jan. 7. . . . "Swan Lake," "Paganini," and "Schéhérazade," Wed. Eve., Jan. 8. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Union Pacific," and "Aurora's Wedding," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 9. . . . "Children's Games," "Firebird," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Jan. 10. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Firebird," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Jan. 11. . . . "Swan Lake," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Aurora's Wedding," Sat. Eve., Jan. 11. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra are in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things here, which should

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.

give you an idea. Carol Bruce sings and Gerry Morton's orchestra plays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A sprightly newcomer, with Adelaide Moffett, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Jack Towne's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

FÉFÉ'S MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings, with Ted Straeter's orchestra. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Favored by folk who interpret dinner dancing literally and like to take their time about it. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra plays lots of waltzes in the Tapestry Room until 10 P.M. or so.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon is in the Persian Room at the dinner hour, and the De Marcos and Chiquito's rumba band are there at supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra is around all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Elvira Rios and Gali Gali. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra is now in its second year in the informal Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show in the Iridium Room, with Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin. Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. *Formal dress required on the dance floor.*

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Café Lounge, with Bob Grant's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with John Hoysradt, Peggy Fears, and Hal LeRoy. Music by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra will be replaced by Leighton Noble's in the informal Empire Room on Sat., Jan. 11. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which has gone informal, too.

SUPPER CLUBS—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Paula Laurence, Vicente Gomez, and some others. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): George Lloyd, Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and, of course, Spivy—all on top of an office building. . . . **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): with Olga Baclanova presiding over things. . . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Hope Emerson is here, and so are Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): *a view of Central Park, a nice-smelling log fire, and incidental music.*

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by Harold Nagel's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): the present show, with Patricia Bowman and Leo Reisman's orchestra, will be replaced by a new one, with Roy Fox's orchestra, on Wed., Jan. 8. Closed Mon. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with South American entertainment. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically part of Carnegie Hall. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Will Bradley's orchestra, to be replaced on Mon., Jan. 6, by Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra, through Sat., Jan. 4. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **GAY WHITE WAY,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's new place has Shep Fields' and Fausto Curbelo's orchestras and a show which includes Joan Edwards and Ann Pennington. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere, Val Olman's orchestra, and a show. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical one, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and a show. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs place, with Havana-Madrid entertainment. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington *aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.*

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance, *and Adele Girard is on hand with her harp.* The Spirits of Rhythm are there too. Fill-in band Tues. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's new band, *which includes* J. C. Higginbotham. Closed Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins' orchestra (except Tues.), and the Clarence Profit Trio (except Wed.) are all on the bill. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Joe Sullivan's band is the principal attraction. Fill-in orchestra Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): a downtown place with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

AMERICANS—An interesting George Inness and an attractive Luks in a selection of nineteenth-century paintings, all from the John F. Braun collection: Douthitt, 9 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Feb. 1.

ANDREU AND ROBBINS—Skillful, fantastic things, surrealistically ominous and full of rococo symbols by Andreu; *charmingly unsophisticated* flower studies and still lifes, among other subjects, by Robbins: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

CHARLOT—Religious paintings, including his Stations of the Cross: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

EUROPEANS—At the **NIERENDORF,** 18 E. 57: arresting early paintings by James Ensor and Kandinsky in an exhibition mainly of moderns, chosen for color and contrast. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **KOETSER,** 71 E. 57: flower paintings by such seventeenth-century artists as Jan Breughel and Jan van Huysum, from the Eugene Slatter collection. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: works by di Chirico, Picasso, Matisse, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 25.

FRENCH—At the **FRENCH ART,** 51 E. 57: landscapes by Boudin, Courbet, Corot, and other nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11. . . . **CARSON,** 38 E. 57: mixed group of paintings by Utrillo, Friesz, Jean Eve, and others considerably less well-known. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

HOOPES—Smoothly handled water colors that move with unfailing good taste from portraits to bullfights: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

IPCAR—New paintings by the Zorachs' talented daughter, who is now a little less sure of herself artistically than she was as a child: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

MARIN—New oils and water colors—all swell, and some of the seapieces are real knockouts: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Loan exhibition of Islamic miniature paintings and drawings, from the collection of Mrs. George D. Pratt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 12.

PARKER—Sensitive water colors, principally of marine subjects: Montross, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

PRATT—Playfully handled oils and sculptures, more or less along surrealist lines, with a kind of eerie childishness that's often effective: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 3.

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—The exhibit of contemporary art shown at the World's Fair French Pavilion has been moved over here, and is worth seeing again. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 2.

SANTO, RENNE, AND PICKEN—Crisp, naïve landscapes by Santo; mistily autumnal water colors by Renne; gouaches by Picken (it's a new field for him), smoothly done and sure in feeling: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

SCHARY—A set of highly appealing, semi-abstract designs in gouache, based on "Alice in Wonderland." Also, oils and water colors by modern French artists: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

SCULPTURES—At the **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: works by fifteen Americans, including Archipenko, Calder, De Creeft, and Flannagan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 18. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: Challis Walker's first showing here of sculptures, firm in modelling and honest in intention. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 3.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big, annual exhibition of contemporary American painting—as always, an important affair. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

HERE AND THERE—At the **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: group show of sculptures in stone. Thurs. and Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **NEWHOUSE,** 15 E. 57: paintings by Angna Enters. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **MORTON,** 130 W. 57: silk-screen prints by Harry Gottlieb and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10. . . . **UPTOWN,** 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors and gouaches by Thomas Nagai. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 9. . . . **F.A.R.,** 19 E. 61: annual exhibition of prints and sculptures by An American Group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 8. . . . **A.C.A.,** 52 W. 8: paintings by Robert Gwathmey. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11. . . . **JULIEN LEVY,** 15 E. 57: an exhibition of old American theatrical posters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mitropoulos conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 3, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Jan. 5, at 3; Wed. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 10, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 11, at 8:45. (Soloists: Heifetz, Jan. 2-3; Frantz, Jan. 4-5.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., Jan. 11, at 11.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:45. (Soloist: Szigeti.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 9, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 11, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700), Fri. Eve., Jan. 10, at 8:30.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Jan. 4 and 11, at 8. (RH 4-7690.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Stiedry conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 5, at 5:30. (Soloist: Hortense Monath.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Klemperer conducting the Music Project orchestra in the first of a new series of concerts sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:45. (Soloist: Feuermann.)

NEW SCHOOL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Kolisch conducting: New School for Social Research, Wed. Eve., Jan. 8, at 9. (66 W. 12. AL 4-2567.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Marian Anderson, Fri. Eve., Jan. 3, at 8:40; Efrem Zimbalist, Mon. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:40; Mischa Elman, Fri. Eve., Jan. 10, at 8:40.

TOWN HALL—Muriel Kerr, Fri. Eve., Jan. 3 at 8:30; Jerome Rappaport, Sat. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8:30; Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, Sun. Aft., Jan. 5, at 3; David Sackson, Sun. Aft., Jan. 5, at 5:30; Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, Mon. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:30; Alexander Kipnis, Tues. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:30; Dorothy Maynor, Wed. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:30; Reginald Stewart, Fri. Eve., Jan.

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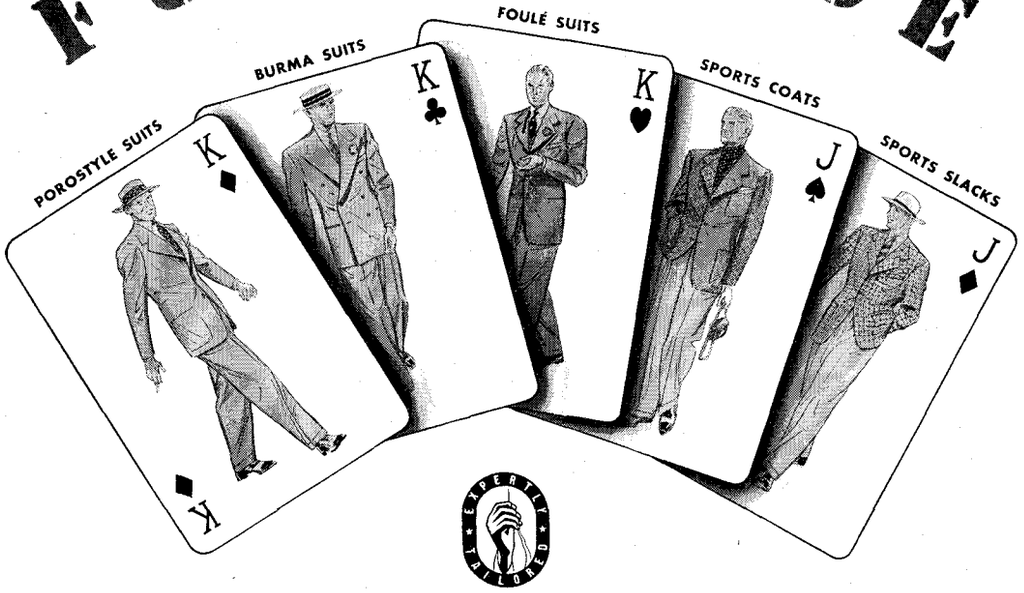

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10, at 8:30; Dalies Frantz, Sat. Aft., Jan. 11, at 3. ELSEWHERE—McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116: Paul Robeson, Sat. Eve., Jan. 11, at 8:30. (UN 4-3200.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Die Walküre," Thurs. Eve., *Jan. 2*; "La Bohème," Fri. Aft., Jan. 3; "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., Jan. 3; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Aft., Jan. 4; "Don Pasquale" and a ballet, Sat. Eve., Jan. 4; "La Fille du Régiment," Mon. Eve., Jan. 6; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Wed. Eve., Jan. 8; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 9; "Manon," Fri. Aft., Jan. 10; "Siegfried," Fri. Eve., Jan. 10; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Aft., Jan. 11; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat. Eve., Jan. 11. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Lou Nova vs. *Pat Comiskey, heavyweights, Fri. Eve., Jan. 10*; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Rangers, Sun., Jan. 5; Rangers vs. Chicago, Tues., Jan. 7; Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs., Jan. 9. . . . Amateur-series game: Sun., Jan. 5, at 1:30 P.M.

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Indoor Show, Darien, Conn., Sat., Jan. 4, at 9 A.M.

TENNIS—Madison Square Garden: Professional matches, played by Alice Marble, Mary Hardwick, Don Budge, and William Tilden; Mon. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:15.

OTHER EVENTS

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—*Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46.* Opens Fri., Jan. 10, at 7 P.M.; weekdays thereafter, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 18.

FASHIONS—Sketches, costumes, and photographs in a retrospective of the Paris openings from 1932 to 1940: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

MUSICIANS EMERGENCY FUND BENEFIT—This year the after-dinner entertainment will be called "Harmonious Confusion," with Lucrezia Bori, Mrs. Huntington Astor, and Dr. Walter Damrosch in charge: Waldorf-Astoria, Sun. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8.

AUCTIONS—*At the* PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, *30 E. 57*—Laces, silver, porcelains, and eighteenth-century French furniture, owned by Mrs. Elisha Dyer Hubbard and the estate of Edith Rockefeller McCormick: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 3-4, at 2. . . . C. E. Aldinger's collection of United States stamps: Mon. and Tues. Afts., Jan. 6-7, at 2. . . . First editions, manuscripts, and autograph letters, owned by Arthur J. Neumark: Wed. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8.

NOTE—The new Airlines Terminal, at Park and 42, will start doing business on Thurs., Jan. 9.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY—Quite a special brand of underworld story, put together by Ben Hecht, with such performers as Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's *72nd* Street, 3 Ave. at *72*; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Jan. 6.)

ARISE, MY LOVE—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, the war in Europe, and, of course, love and liveliness. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Jan. 2. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 4-7. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 7-8.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—French and sprightly and unusual. Of a small village in France and the troubles a pretty wife can make for an older husband. (*World*, 153 W. 49.)

ESCAPE—Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor are among those to be found in this screen version of the stirring Ethel Vance novel of Nazi Germany. Well handled. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Fri., Jan. 3. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., Jan. 5. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 4-6.)

FANTASIA—Walt Disney's astounding production—a wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor and beauty and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's curious and somewhat wonderful travesty of the European political situation. With Paulette Goddard and Jack Oakie. Certainly unique. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE LETTER—Bette Davis in the famous Somerset Maugham drama of Singapore society, with Gale Sondergaard, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson. Atmospheric and active. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Jan. 6. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Jan. 8.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—Of the sea and its men—sombre and dramatic. From Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays. Directed by John Ford. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 4-6. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 7-8. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Jan. 8-11.)

NIGHT TRAIN—Spies, the Gestapo, Berlin, and England in another British thriller of the first rank. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison, and altogether something to give you exquisite jitters. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—A sumptuous filming of the Barry play of the rich and their woes and soul troubles, acted beautifully by Katharine Hepburn. *Cary Grant is also involved.* (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

SEVEN SINNERS—Sailor brawls, South Sea Islands, and Marlene Dietrich singing "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 4-7.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, and William Gargan in a new version of Sidney Howard's old play of the grape-grower who wanted a wife. Well done. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 5-6.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—For the innocent readers of the "Arabian Nights" who like their flying carpets *and their djinni prettily colored. With Sabu and* Conrad Veidt. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sun., Jan. 5. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Jan. 6. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 3-6.)

VICTORY—Conrad's novel of drama in the Dutch East Indies expertly adapted to the screen. With Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE WESTERNER—Our plains and the homesteaders and saloons and even Lillie Langtry. With Gary Cooper and quite a bit of excitement. (Carlton, *B'way at 100; through Sun., Jan. 5. . . . Normandie*, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 6-7.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Racy and French. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 8-10.)

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Jan. 4.)

IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Jan. 4. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 7-8.)

LOVE ME FOREVER (1935)—Grace Moore singing and Leo Carillo gambling. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 6-7.)

MAYERLING (1937)—A French film about an archduke's tragic love. Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Jan. 3. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 3-5.)

OUR DAILY BREAD (1934)—King Vidor's piece on communal farming. Karen Morley. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 8-10.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as King. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Jan. 4.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS (1938)—Cinderella stuff. Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 7-8.)

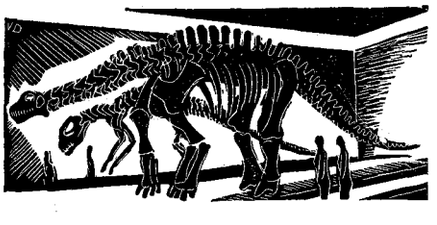
SECRET AGENT (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Jan. 4.)

UN CARNET DE BAL (1938)—A widow tracing the careers of her early loves. French. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Jan. 4.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Jan. 5.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old-time films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. D. W. Griffith series—THURS., JAN. 2: "Isn't Life Wonderful." FRI., JAN. 3: "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" and "At the Crossroads of Life," both with Griffith; "The Lonely Villa," with Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood; "Edgar Allan Poe;" "A Drunkard's Reformation;" and "Resurrection." SAT., JAN. 4: "1776, or The Hessian Renegades," with Mary Pickford; "A Corner in Wheat," with Henry B. *Walthall, Mack Sennett, and James Kirkwood*; "The Lonedale Operator," with Blanche Sweet; "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," with Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore; "The Unchanging Sea;" and "Enoch Arden." SUN., JAN. 5: "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish; and "Home, Sweet Home," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Jack Pickford. . . . Comedy series—MON., JAN. 6: "The *Thin Man*," with *Myrna Loy and William Powell*. TUES., JAN. 7: "What! No Beer?," with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. WED., JAN. 8: "Bombshell," with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, and Franchot Tone. THURS., JAN. 9: "Million Dollar Legs," with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, and Ben Turpin.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.



COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

ART—Work by American Indians through the ages, *Museum of Modern Art, Jan. 22-April 20*; El Greco exhibition, a benefit for Greek war relief, Knoedler Galleries, Jan. 13-Feb. 1.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: *Fritzie Zivic vs.* Henry Armstrong, welterweight title, Jan. 17; Joe Louis vs. Red Burman, heavyweight title, Jan. 31.

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 11-12.

ICE-SKATING REVUE—Sonja Henie and her company, Madison Square Garden, Jan. *20-25* and *27-28*.

MUSIC—At CARNEGIE HALL: Philharmonic-Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting, through Jan. 12; Walter conducting, Jan. 16-Feb. 9 (benefit concert, MacArthur conducting, Jan. *22*); Barbirolli conducting, starting Feb. 13. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy *conducting, Jan. 28 and Feb. 11; Iturbi conduct*ing, Feb. 25. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Feb. 14-15. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Feb. 22. New Friends of Music, Stiedry conducting, Feb. 26. Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Rodzinsky conducting, Feb. 5. Recitals: Menuhin, Jan. 27; Brailowsky, Feb. 1 (Aft.); Schipa, Feb. 3; Milstein, Feb. 18; Ricci, Feb. 28. . . . TOWN HALL: New Friends of Music, Jan. 12, 19, 26, and Feb. 2, 9, 16, and 23; Loesser and Rubinstein, Jan. 27; Bjoerling, Jan. 31; Menuhin, Feb. 12.

RACING—Hialeah Park, through March 1. . . . Oriental Park, Havana, starting Jan. 18. . . . Santa *Anita, Calif., through March 8.*

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open within the next month or two: "The Cream in the Well," a tragedy by Lynn Riggs; "Battle of Angels," a play by Tennessee Williams, with Miriam Hopkins, produced by the Theatre Guild; "Mr. and Mrs. North," a dramatization by Owen Davis of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lockridge's "The Norths Meet Murder," produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr.; "Crazy with the Heat," a revue by John Latouche and others, with Willie Howard and Luella Gear; "Lady in the Dark," a play by Moss Hart, produced by Sam H. Harris, *with songs by Kurt Weill and Ira* Gershwin, and Gertrude Lawrence heading the cast; "Out West It's Different," a comedy by Bella and Sam Spewack, with Claire Trevor and Sam Levene, produced by Max Gordon; "Song Before Breakfast," a play by Zoë Akins, adapted from Claude Puget's "Les Jours Heureux," and staged by Monty Woolley; "The Talley Method," a comedy by S. N. Behrman, with Ina Claire, staged by Herman Shumlin, and produced by the *Playwrights' Company*; "Liberty Jones," a play by Philip Barry, with John Beal, produced by the Theatre Guild; "Tanyard Street," a play by Louis Lynch D'Alton, with Barry Fitzgerald and Margo, produced by Jack Kirkland; "Peep Show," a comedy by Ernest Pascal, produced by Gilbert Miller.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: Millrose Meet, Feb. 1; N.Y.A.C. Meet, Feb. 15; National A.A.U. Meet, Feb. 22.

WINTER SPORTS—North American Outdoor Speed-Skating Championship, Schenectady, Jan. 31-Feb. 2. . . . Dartmouth Carnival, Hanover, N.H., Feb. 7-9. . . . International Ski-Jumping Tournament, Berlin, N.H., Feb. 14-16.

YACHTING—Lipton Cup Race, Miami, Feb. 8. . . . Miami-Nassau Ocean Race, Miami, Feb. 11. . . . Governor's Cup Race, Nassau, Feb. 14. . . . Star Class Week, Havana, Jan. 25-Feb. 1.

OTHER DATES—Inauguration of President Roosevelt, Washington, Jan. 20. . . . Kosciuszko Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Jan. 24. . . . Actors' Fund Show, Winter Garden, Jan. 26. . . . National Sportsmen's Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 15-23. . . . Easter Sunday will be April 13.

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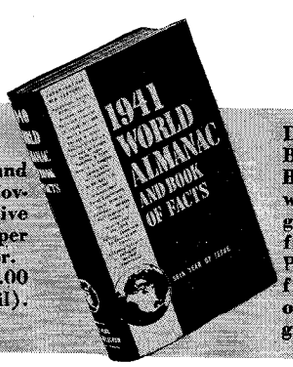

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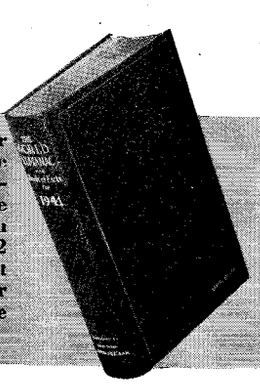

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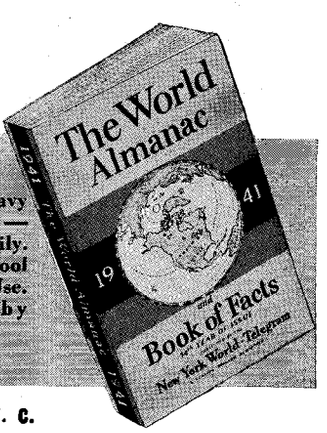

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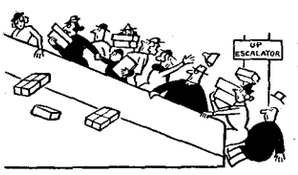
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is our guess that very young men wrote the obituaries for F. Scott Fitzgerald. Not only were they somewhat uninformed (note to the New York *Times*: "The Beautiful and Damned" is not a book of short stories, and it isn't called "The Beautiful and the Damned," either) but they were also inclined to be supercilious. He was the prophet of the Jazz Age, they wrote patronizingly, who never quite fulfilled the promise indicated in "This Side of Paradise." As an approximate contemporary of Mr. Fitzgerald's and, we suppose, a survivor of the Jazz Age ourself, we find this estimate just a little exasperating. He undoubtedly said and did a great many wild and childish things and he turned out one or two rather foolish books; he also wrote, however, one of the most scrupulously observed and beautifully written of American novels. It was called, of course, "The Great Gatsby." If Jay Gatsby was no more than could be expected of Amory Blaine, Manhattan Island has never quite come up to Peter Stuyvesant's early dreams.

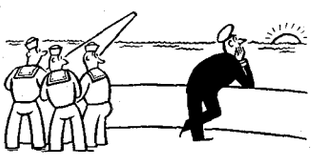
"THE GREAT GATSBY" was always accepted as his best book, but we have a feeling that Fitzgerald may have preferred "Tender Is the Night," which he wrote very near the end, perhaps when the end was sometimes too clear to him. It was probably as close to autobiography as his taste and temperament would allow him to come. We read it again the other day when we heard that he was dead, and somehow or other we can't forget the last sentence: "Perhaps, so she liked to think, his career was biding its time, like Grant's in Galena; his latest note was postmarked from Hornell, New York, which is some distance from Geneva and a very small town; in any case he is almost certainly in that section of the country, in one town or another." Scott Fitzgerald knew better than that. The desperate knowledge that it was much too late, that there was nothing to come that would be more than a parody of what had gone before, must have been continually in his mind the last few years he lived. In a way, we are glad he died when he did and that he was spared so many smaller towns, much further from Geneva.

WE weren't in Macy's the day the escalator just east of the book department reversed itself and started to go down instead of up, but a friend who was there told us all about it. He had been most impressed, he said, not by this natural miracle itself but by the reactions of the habitual Macy patrons, who are presumably hardened to anything. Most of them went right to pieces before his eyes, their sanity tottering and their eyeglasses clouding over with steam. In all this human wreckage, one woman and her young son had gone dauntlessly upward, against the flow of the machine, against the steady stream of patrons coming down, against the very currents of life itself. As he described them, we could see them in our mind: the tall brawn of the woman mirrored in the small, husky



boy, their arms loaded with gay red packages, their lips taut, and the whole American pioneer tradition, its covered wagons gone to dust and its Indians long since slaughtered, standing there at the top of the stairs and urging them on.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER Joseph Webster Golinkin, U.S.N., leads, it appears, a double life as sailor and painter. "In the Navy," says the Commander, "I'm never an artist. In art, I'm never a naval officer." Aboard ship, he explains, the business at hand "doesn't allow a man time to stand around and watch a sunset;" he doesn't explain about studio life. Anyway, we think we've discovered one of the big troubles with everything: specialization, or monomania. We don't particularly care for the dilettantes we know, but none of them ever made much trouble for anybody. On the other hand, practically every specialist of any stature in the world today, every man with any singleness of purpose, has raised hell with somebody. What we'd like to see is more and more dilettantism everywhere: less earnestness, less concentration, more mixture of sunset-appreciation with gunnery, poe-



tastering with statesmanship, hedonism with conquest. When British troops recently raided Italian camps in the Western Desert, they captured, among other things, large quantities of olive oil, Chianti, silverware, satin costumes, and perfumery. The Italians aren't bothering anybody much, are they?

THE other night we listened to an actor discussing a critic whose comments seemed to him uninformed, frivolous, and, in general, discouraging to earnest dramatic endeavor. "The trouble with X," said our friend, "is that he doesn't really love the theatre." It is an old complaint and conceivably a just one, but we've always felt that it needed a good deal of qualifying. We once knew a critic who really loved the theatre—blindly, passionately, and to the exclusion of practically everything else. Unfortunately, we could never read his work without thinking of Willie Baxter

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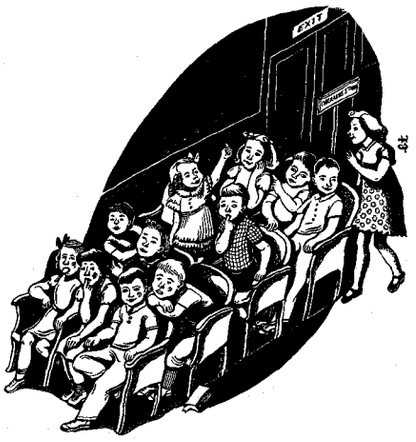
and the poem he wrote to his Baby-Talk Lady. Sometimes we even doubt whether love is exactly the suitable emotion with which to approach dramatic criticism. Two of the best sportswriters we ever read loathed all athletes and regarded all games as either childish or corrupt. This is an extreme point of view, but we certainly feel that the critic's love for the theatre should be tempered with suspicion. He ought to think of her as the kind of girl whom he would hesitate to introduce to his mother or trust on a yacht with any of his rich friends.

Sample

HERE'S a perfectly horrible story about a lady who sent her chauffeur around to her beauty parlor, with instructions to tell Marie to give him a bottle of his mistress's favorite nail polish. He returned, miserable and red-faced, with the news that Marie wasn't in that day and nobody else knew about the polish. "But," he said, holding out his hands with an expression of sheer agony, "they put a different kind of polish on each one of my nails, so you could choose." The lady sent him back for a bottle of the kind he had on his left pinkie, and he got into an awful fight with a truck-driver who whistled at him. Those things leave their mark on a man.

Muralist

WHEN we heard at a dinner party last Tuesday that the French painter Fernand Léger was living at the University Club and that he was trying to rent an unoccupied church as a studio, we looked him up at once. In sober fact, Léger is now living and working at 328 East Forty-second Street, where a friend, Herbert Matter, a photographer, is sharing his studio with him, but the report about him was not without basis. On his arrival a few weeks ago, he *was* put up at the University Club, by Philip Goodwin, the architect; he left after a week or so, however, without once dropping in at the squash courts. Moreover, he did look around for a church for a while, but gave up. Léger, who is fifty-nine, seems much the same as on his past visits here—rugged, ruddy, gentle, and full of curiosity. When we saw him, he was wearing his customary dark-blue flannel shirt; this particular one, he informed us, was bought in Lisbon, where he waited a month before getting a boat. He was also wearing a gray coat which he bought in Marseilles, a blue tie from Madrid, and a pair of gray



flannel trousers which he had made over here. Léger, whose farm in Normandy has been occupied by the Germans, has long been a rather rich painter. Except for twenty-five thousand francs, which he was allowed to bring with him, he has turned his money over to his wife, who is in the south of France. A recently completed mural of his, "Composition with Two Parrots," is now being shown at the Museum of Modern Art. Most of his paintings are in France, however, some hidden in the country. He plans to stay in New York indefinitely. His last visit was two years ago, when he did some murals for Nelson Rockefeller's apartment and gave a series of lectures at Yale. He will probably lecture in New Haven again this winter, and he has already begun to paint, starting in around six-thirty every morning and working till noon. He generally gets up at six, and can't understand that this practice is not universal. He sometimes rings up acquaintances at this hour, and in this way he has lost, or at least annoyed, a number of friends.

Léger has managed to keep quite a few friends, however. Since coming here, he has been seeing a lot of Alexander Calder, the sculptor and jewel manufacturer; James Johnson Sweeney, the art critic; and Gerald Murphy, president of Mark Cross. The other night these men all attended a sailors' ball at a dance hall called the Paradise, near the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Léger danced most of the evening, and was amazed at the impersonal attitude of the sailors and their girls on the dance floor. "*Ils dansent comme les autres font le football*," he told us. "*On ne sent pas la question sexuelle entre femme et homme.*" Léger thinks this question is raised in a forthright way in Harlem; he followed up the sailors' ball with a visit to the Savoy. He likes shooting galleries, marionette shows, and the photomicroscopic enlargements of tiny undersea animals in the Museum of Natural History, which he has used in some of his paintings. He considers Fourteenth Street the most beautiful thoroughfare in New York. The window displays north of Thirty-fourth Street he regards as pseudo-Parisian and too surrealist for his taste. He is a geometric painter, and he likes geometrically-minded stores, like Hearns and Woolworth.

Most of the French painters are still in Paris, Léger told us—Braque, Picasso, and Derain among them. Léger ran into James Joyce in Vichy month before last. The latter was then trying to get into Switzerland with the financial aid of friends. Léger slept in railroad stations and went through considerable hardship in leaving France. He stood in one train for a stretch of forty hours. He ate the first butter he had had for weeks when he got to Lisbon, and when a friend here complimented him on his healthy appearance, he said, "Oh, it's the Lisbon butter."

Quatrain

IN order to understand fully the following poem, which we are printing in the public interest, you must know that the Brearley School for girls is, for purposes of intramural athletics, divided into two sides, the Reds and the Whites, and that the girls were recently asked to submit poems for their groups. We don't know which has been officially adopted, but one we like runs:

> As white is heaven,
> As red is hell,
> The captain of the Whites
> Is Miriam Bell.

This is the work of Miss Fanny Parsons, aged ten, and, naturally, a White. We are glad to give it the wider circulation it deserves.

Passive Civilian Defence

WITH a delegation from the New York City Fire Department now in London, learning how to fight incendiary bombs, and with the best architectural and engineering minds in the nation bent on the problem of "passive civilian defence"—the technical term for staying alive during an air raid—we may soon expect the daily newspapers to be filled with the reports and recommendations of this and that committee of experts. So, by way of a journalistic canapé, we now print the results of an interview with Professor C. C. Briggs, head of the Department of Architecture at Pratt Institute, who is, as far as we know, the only educator to conduct a

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classroom discussion of the problem. Professor Briggs told us that his students were the ones really responsible for the innovation—they talked so much about bomb shelters and the like that he finally decided to get organized. His passive-civilian-defence course is called "Program of Defence Building," and the lecturer is a Pratt graduate named Iverson who studied bomb-shelter building in London just before the outbreak of hostilities.

Professor Briggs, on the basis of reports sent him from the bombed cities of Europe, says flatly that in New York we're safer from bombs than anywhere else in the country. This is because of our many steel-frame skyscrapers. The effect of a direct hit by, say, a five-hundred-pound high-explosive bomb, dropped from a height of twenty thousand feet and travelling seven hundred miles an hour when it explodes, would be to cave in the top three or four floors of a skyscraper, or, if it fell in the street, to do a corresponding amount of damage to the first two or three floors. The danger spots in a tall building would be only the top and bottom; the floors between would amount to a series of bombproofs.

Subway stations in New York are far from ideal air-raid shelters, Professor Briggs told us. "The stations are not built for large numbers of people, and do not have the ventilation or the sanitary facilities." He favors reinforcing the cellar beams of residential buildings, which turns the basement into an adequate shelter. Anderson shelters and reinforced-concrete dugouts are O.K., too—probably better for us than for Londoners, because we haven't so much flimsy masonry construction. Every city block ought to have a couple of asbestos suits and the chemicals for extinguishing incendiaries. All in all, Professor Briggs wouldn't be a bit worried about the seven million people in New York in the (to him) unlikely event of an "emergency."

The only permanent answer to the threat of bombing is decentralization of cities, Professor Briggs says. The idea is to spread industrial plants and residential communities all over the map, so that an enemy bomber would hardly know where to begin. There would be plenty of open parks, and it would be easy to build comfortable shelters under them. "Even if we had no war, we'd still have the parks," Professor Briggs said. Matter of fact, decentralization is something that architectural critics have been recommending for years, only nothing was done about it until Hitler got active. As an example of bad planning, Professor Briggs mentioned a twelve-hundred-family low-cost housing unit in a Connecticut city which is only three hundred feet from an arms plant. Right here in town, we have two housing projects which Professor Briggs considers unfortunately situated: Queensbridge, which is near the Queensboro Bridge, and the Vladeck housing project, right across the river from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. "Both legitimate military objectives," he remarked.

Rats

A GENTLEMAN who was eating alone in a Village restaurant and browsing through the late Hans Zinsser's "As I Remember Him" suddenly

"It's certainly one beautiful New Year's Day here, folks. And it's a great game these boys are playing! And is the crowd excited! Just listen to those cheers! Both teams are lining up again . . ."

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became conscious that his waiter was looking over his shoulder. " 'Rats in Mexico,' " the waiter said, reading the title of the chapter that dealt with the protagonist's typhus research in Mexico. "Trotskyites, huh?"

Superman

SOME time ago we printed an article in our "Reporter at Large" department about the gruelling tests being given to candidates for jobs in the Department of Sanitation. The tests have been completed now, and the final figures show that of the 85,488 applicants about half got as far as the physical examination, the rest having flunked the qualifying written or medical exam. Of the 40,000 who took the physicals, 34,700 passed, and among the thousands who passed, only one candidate came through with a score of 100, just one. That man among eighty-five thousand men is Mr. Arthur J. McQueen, a medium-sized Atlas of the Bronx. To earn the title of Perfect Sanitationman, Mr. McQueen had to turn in a flawless performance on four tests: agility (including scaling an eight-foot wall), strength (lifting dumbbells and manipulating an ashcan loaded with steel plates), coördination (including hand-eye and foot-eye reactions), and endurance (running a distance of a hundred and twenty yards while carrying a fifty-pound dumbbell in each hand). We interviewed Mr. McQueen last week and found that he is built like a light-heavyweight boxer. His height is five eleven, his weight one sixty-five, his age twenty-four. He is working at present six days a week on a construction gang, operating a pneumatic drill. Compared with this, McQueen believes, his new job, which he expects to step into some time this month, will be something of a snap. As a tyro in the Department, he will work forty hours a week as a laborer on a dump or in an incinerator. "It will be more like a high-class position," he observed.

Mr. McQueen trained for his examination with the thoroughness of an athlete getting ready for the Olympics. He began last January by signing up for a fifteen-dollar course at a physical-training school, where he practiced running, jumping, and weight-lifting two nights a week. Supplementing the regular course, he made dumbbells and a bar bell out of coffee cans weighted with lead and some pieces of iron pipe, and went in for a good deal of homework. To get ready for the agility test, he and three of his friends borrowed a huge door from an abandoned brewery, set it up in a vacant lot, and climbed over it a few dozen times a day. In September, he took his tests. The rest is history.

This is not the first time Mr. McQueen has distinguished himself by his physical prowess. In 1937 a scout for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, on the lookout for a few recruits to bolster the union's baseball team, saw him catching in a Bronx semi-pro game and offered to find him a place in the clothing business. McQueen was then working on a relief project, having quit high school in his senior year. After signing with Amalgamated, he worked for a year and a half as an apprentice cutter on Seventh Avenue. Then, when his batting average began to slide, he was out of the dress business. He has since driven a laundry truck, worked as a gardener and a bricklayer's helper, and as a spieler on a sightseeing bus. He is happy about the prospects of a salaried job, since he and his sister now support the family, and there have been other rewards. For one thing, the training school from which he graduated has given him a scholarship that allows him a year's free physical training. He has further ambition now. He's going to take the next examination for patrolmen, feeling that the sidewalks offer a greater opportunity than the middle of the streets.

"Mr. Jackson has contributed most generously to Bundles for Britain."

No Pampering

THE other day a girl employed by one of our up-and-coming corporations reported to the maintenance department that the bulb in the lamp on her desk had burned out. Shortly an electrician appeared, with a bulb in one hand and a light meter in the other. He took a reading, nodded, and went

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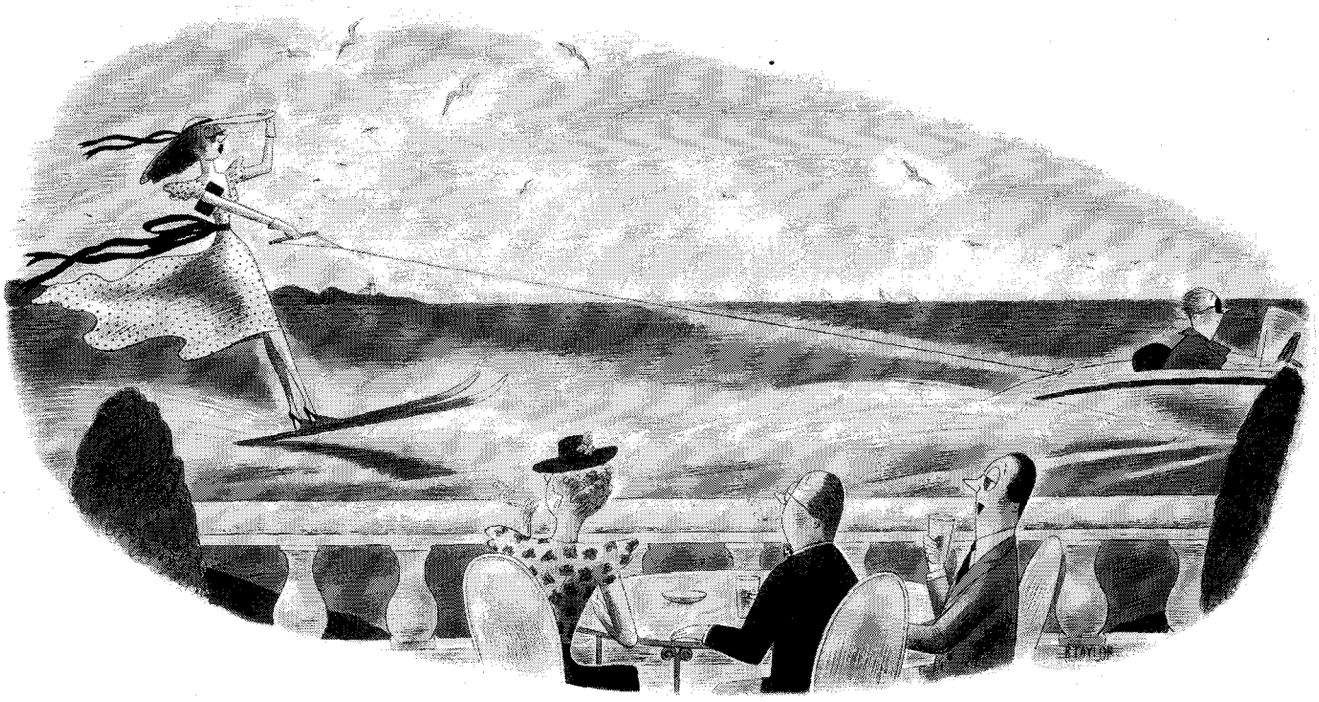

"Pretty sure of herself, isn't she?"

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off with the bulb still in his hand. A little later another man appeared and went off with the desk lamp in *his* hand. "Hey!" the girl shouted. "The boss says you've got enough natural daylight," said the man.

BMI

WE paid a zero-hour visit to the office of Broadcast Music, Inc., the music-publishing house which the radio interests have set up to meet the ultimatum of ASCAP (which is, briefly, as we understand it, no more music from our composers if they don't get a bigger cut in the proceeds of all programs on which music is played). About 620 radio stations are represented in the deal, or that's the last figure we heard quoted. The BMI headquarters is at 580 Fifth Avenue and is as strange a place as we've seen in some months. A great deal of concentrated creativeness heads up there. Mr. George Skinner of the public-relations staff met us in the reception room and handed us an apple. "From one of our Oregon stations," he explained. He went on to tell us that, including music upon which the copyright has expired and which therefore is in the public domain, BMI has available about 250,000 tunes. BMI has been gathering newer compositions since last winter. Lately it's been considering between 2,000 and 3,000 songs a week. This, Mr. Skinner said, is four times the volume handled by any other music-publishing house.

Mr. Skinner stopped a preoccupied young man with glasses who was hurrying by and introduced him as Mr. Ernest Gold, "our most promising composer." Mr. Gold modestly denied this and was off. "He wrote 'Practice Makes Perfect,'" Mr. Skinner said. "All signs point to his being another George Gershwin." "Practice" ran fifteen weeks on the Hit Parade. We were told that other current BMI smashes include "There I Go," "The Same Old Story," and "I Hear a Rhapsody." It sounded plausible.

Mr. Skinner let us look in on the editorial department, where manuscripts are examined. There were three or four small studios with pianos and a larger one with a cabinet phonograph. Here a reviewing committee listens to the cream of the crop and makes final decisions. The finishing touches, such as the arranging, are handled in an adjoining building on Forty-seventh Street. Mr. Skinner left us with Mr. Robert Sour, who is head of the lyric branch of the editorial department and an ASCAP hater from away back. He helped write the words to "Body and Soul," and never got a penny out of ASCAP because he wasn't a member. Mr. Sour said that there is a tremendous response from amateur songwriters all over because BMI stands ready to consider manuscripts by authors nobody ever heard of. They can bring them right onto the premises and play them. He advised us to stop by the reception desk on the way out and watch the stream of new composers. We tried it for about ten minutes and found business brisk, all right. One young man in a trench coat left three numbers. "They were very popular on the Purdue campus," he told the receptionist. Another man inquired about five Irish tunes he'd left earlier, particularly one whose name we didn't catch, which the man described as being "on a level with 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.'" A lady dressed in what looked like a Salvation Army bonnet with the ribbon off left a Western tune called "Yahoo Cowboy." In the elevator we struck up a conversation with a small man who revealed to us that he'd been turning out several hundred lyrics a month but so far none had been accepted. "I'm also writing a book," he told us. "It's about my nervous breakdown."

Tact

A YOUNG lady we know got a reckless cabdriver the other evening, and after a particularly close shave with a Greyhound bus she couldn't repress a little scream. The driver, who was trying to thread his way out of the traffic jam he had caused, stopped his car and looked back at her thoughtfully. "I'm a *very* bad driver, and I wouldn't be surprised if I got killed someday," he said. "Shall we go on now?"

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"I used it just twice—once at San Juan Hill and once at the Wintermute-Van Nostrand wedding."

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NEW LEAF

BECAUSE both Judy and Lois Graves had stayed awake to see the New Year in and their mother and father had been to a party that hadn't even got under way until almost midnight, breakfast was unusually late on New Year's Day. Mr. Graves, after hurriedly drinking a large glass of orange juice, had settled into his chair at the head of the table in a manner that suggested a minor collapse, while Mrs. Graves, toying with a toasted English muffin, had a harassed look. "Would you rather have a cup of cocoa or a glass of milk instead of that coffee, Harry?" she asked.

Mr. Graves glanced at Judy, who was scooping spoonfuls of marmalade onto her muffin, and pushed his chair back from the table. "No," he said. "Thanks just the same."

Lois picked up a crisp piece of bacon from her plate and bit into it daintily. "I love late breakfasts," she said. "I think we should have them every Sunday and every holiday. I'm always hungrier in the mornings on Sundays and holidays. And you could have wonderful things to eat. Like the English. Sausages, creamed haddock, kidney stews, all kinds of eggs and stuff. I've read about how they do."

Mrs. Graves looked nervously at her husband. "When you girls finish eating, it might be nice if you took a good long walk in the Park to blow the sleep out of your eyes."

"I'm not sleepy," Judy said. "I'm not sleepy at all. I feel swell. And besides, I want Daddy to tell us about the surprise."

"What surprise?" Mr. Graves asked.

"The surprise you were talking about last night," Judy said. "Don't you remember? After we finished the champagne. Mmmm!" She closed her eyes and licked her lips reminiscently. "Champagne is wonderful. It's as good as ginger ale. I didn't even feel mine and I had half a cocktail glass full."

"You feel it the next day," Lois said. "After you drink a lot of water. Uncle Ed told me so."

"Your Uncle Ed is a very foolish young man," Mrs. Graves said severely. "And you mustn't believe everything he tells you."

Judy picked up her glass of water and drained it. "I'm going to try it anyway," she said. "I think Lois felt hers. She let me have the tub first. Drink all your water, Lois, and see what happens."

"Girls!" Mrs. Graves exclaimed. "You're acting very, very silly. Now stop your nonsense, and maybe Daddy will tell you about the surprise."

Judy watched Lois as she drank her glass of water. "Yes, go on, Daddy," she said.

Mr. Graves looked at the bright, flushed faces of his two daughters and took a sip of coffee. "Let's see—" he began.

"It was about the idea you had," Mrs. Graves prompted him. "The idea of letting them handle their own money."

"Money!" Judy repeated. "Oh, boy!"

"That's right," Mr. Graves said. "That's right, it was."

"Perhaps *I'd* better explain," Mrs. Graves said. She raised her eyebrows slightly. "You see, girls, your father thought that if he gave you an allowance that was *more* than you needed for lunches and spending money, it would teach you to *save*. I mean save up for birthday presents, Christmas presents, and things of that sort."

"I think I ought to get more than Judy," Lois said. "I'm older."

"What's that got to do with it?" Judy asked. "I'm under *just* as heavy expense."

"If there's any quarrelling," Mrs. Graves said, "we won't discuss it any more."

"O.K.," Lois said.

"Well," Mrs. Graves went on, "your father thought of five dollars a week each. Now, say you spend thirty cents a day for lunch at school. That's five times thirty, and that's fifteen—a dollar and fifty cents. And that leaves you—let's see . . ." She closed her eyes and frowned. "How much does that leave, Harry?"

"Three-fifty."

"Three-fifty," Mrs. Graves repeated. "And counting out another dollar and a half for movies and sodas, you'd still have two dollars left. And two dollars a week for fifty-two weeks is—"

"One hundred and four dollars," Mr. Graves said.

"Golly!" Judy cried. "One hundred and four dollars! You could buy almost anything for that."

"Yes," Lois said. "But remember Christmas presents. I spent almost ten dollars on Christmas just for the family and Hilda. Not that I *minded*."

"That still leaves ninety-four dollars," Judy said.

"And birthdays," Lois went on. "I give to you three and Hilda in this very house, and I give to Joan, and Barbara, and—and Mary, and goodness knows how many cards I send."

"Even so," Judy said. "One hundred and four dollars. And if you didn't go to the movies so much, you could make it lots more." She got up from the table swiftly and threw her arms around her father. "I never heard of anything so wonderful! What made you think of it?"

"God knows!" said Mr. Graves.

Judy pressed her cheek against his. "You're just pretending," she whispered. "You did it for the New Year. I *know*."

"When do we begin?" Lois asked. "Today?"

"I think today would be a very *good* day to begin," Mrs. Graves said. "And then you two girls could go to your room and draw up a budget. Why don't you give them their money now, Harry?"

Mr. Graves got up slowly from his chair and went to his room. His feet, in their leather mules, made a soft, swishing sound as he walked. In a few minutes he came back into the dining room, some crumpled bills in his hand. "Here's eight dollars," he said.

"Did you look in your overcoat pocket?" Mrs. Graves asked.

"Yep," he said. "That's where I found this. I didn't have anything in my wallet. Must have put this in my overcoat after I paid the taxi."

Mrs. Graves arose. "I might have a little something," she said. "Although I marketed for over the holiday. We're having turkey again." She rustled out of the room and returned with a dollar bill.

"Well, that makes it nine," Judy said hopefully. "Maybe Hilda has a dollar."

"Of course, you *could* wait for the rest until tomorrow," Mrs. Graves said.

Mr. Graves, catching sight of Judy's face, said that maybe Hilda might have a dollar. "I can cash a check at the club. Do me good to get out in the air," he said.

Mrs. Graves stepped on the buzzer under the table, and when Hilda opened the swinging door that led to the kitchen, she said brightly, "Oh, Hilda! Hilda, I wonder if you have a dollar you can let the girls have until Mr. Graves cashes a check. They're planning to

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turn over a new leaf and start off the new year on a budget. And they can't wait to get started, it seems." She laughed tolerantly.

"I have a dollar right here, Mrs. Graves," Hilda said. "I always carry it pinned to the inside of—well, pinned to the inside, in case I lose my pocketbook."

She turned her back to them and fumbled with the collar of her dress. She brought out a folded bill and handed it to Mrs. Graves.

"That's fine, Hilda," Mr. Graves said. "I'll take care of the interest."

"Don't mention it, I'm sure," Hilda answered, her voice prim.

"Now then, here you are," Mr. Graves said. "Five dollars for Lois and five dollars for Judy."

He handed a five-dollar bill to Lois and five one-dollar bills to Judy.

"Thanks *ever* so much," Judy said. "Come on, Lois, let's do our budgets."

"I have to get dressed first," Lois said. "And then I think I'll go over to Joan's and tell her. I'm going to think about mine."

"I'm going to do mine *now*," Judy said.

IN her room, Judy sat down at her desk, took out a pad of paper and a pencil, and printed "BUDGET" at the head of the page. Then, after a few minutes, she wrote, "Item 1—Lunches for 5 days at 30 cents per lunch—$1.50." Hearing Lois come into the room, she asked, "Do you always take the thirty-cent lunch?"

"Almost always," Lois said. "Except when I'm reducing."

Judy tore the piece of paper from the pad and threw it into the scrap-basket. "I think I'll reduce," she said. "I'll save a quarter a week right off the bat."

She wrote "BUDGET" again, and then, "Item 1—Lunches for 5 days at 25 cents per lunch—$1.25." Her hair fell across her cheeks as she leaned over the desk. "Item 2—Movies—1 movie a week at 55 cents per movie—55 cents. Item 3—Missilaneous—sodas, candy and other excessories at 10 cents per day—70 cents." She added up the total and put down, "Total Expenses—$2.50."

"Look, Lois," she said excitedly. "I've put down everything I can possibly think of and I still have two dollars and fifty cents left every week. Let's see, that makes—why, that makes one hundred and thirty dollars a year!"

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" Lois asked. "I'm going to save everything I can for three years and then I'm going to Bermuda. I'll be eighteen, and there is absolutely no reason why you can't go to Bermuda alone when you're eighteen."

"Bermuda!" Judy cried. "That's a wonderful idea. What's it like?"

"It's tropical," Lois said. "And everyone rides bicycles because there are no automobiles allowed, and you can go swimming every day, and play tennis, and ride horseback, and wear perfectly stunning cruise clothes."

"Well, I'm going to save for something like that, too," Judy said. "Only I may go West to a dude ranch and buy some perfectly stunning cowboy boots and a perfectly stunning saddle." She stared at the pad of paper, excitement mounting in her. "That's *exactly* what I'm going to do. I'm going West and stay all vacation and train for a rodeo. Then, when I get good enough, I can make scads of money in prizes. I'm going to put down every nickel I spend and put it on a debit side, and every nickel I save I'll put on a credit side. You haven't got a book with a line down the middle, have you?"

"No, I haven't," Lois said. "What difference does it make? You can draw one."

"It won't look right. I think I'll go down to the stationery store and see if they have one. I'm going to keep my accounts *perfect*." She got up and went to the closet to get her coat with the fur collar. "I wish I had a billfold," she said. "I sort of hate to crumple all that money up in my little change purse." She put on her coat and hat and took her small red handbag from the top of the bureau. The five one-dollar bills were lying on the desk, and she tucked them into her purse. "I'm going to carry it all, just in *case*."

Lois pulled a silk stocking up over one leg and straightened the seam. "Well, see you next week," she said.

"What do you mean 'See you next week'?"

"Oh, you and all that money."

Judy's laugh was assured. "You're nuts," she said.

THE stationery store was small and still crowded with unsold Christmas toys. There were cheap little trains that could be wound up with a key to run on miniature tracks, dolls whose dresses were not

"You get around to the different offices, Dominic. What do you hear—is business improving?"

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quite fresh, a box of soiled Christmas and New Year's cards, mechanical toys, racks of magazines, and, on top of the cigar counter, a handsome selection of five-cent candy bars. The place smelled of cigar smoke, library paste, and printer's ink. Judy walked in and leaned her elbows on the counter. "Good morning, Mr. Epstein," she called.

From the back of the store, a small, studious-looking man appeared. He wore a dark-brown sweater to guard himself against the drafts that blew across the shop every time the door was opened. "Happy New Year, Judy," he said.

"Oh, I forgot. Happy New Year to you, Mr. Epstein. Have you sort of an account book like you keep budgets in, with a line down the middle? A red line."

"Like a ledger," he said. "I see." He rummaged among the pads, notebooks, and boxes of writing paper in the case in back of the counter and brought out a large gray book on which the word "Ledger" was printed in italics. "How's this?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I've made a perfectly terrible mistake. See if you notice anything."

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Judy opened the book. There was not only a red line down the middle of every page but red lines that separated the dollars from the cents. "It's perfect," she said. "How much is it?"

"Fifty cents."

"Well," Judy said, "fifty cents is quite a lot, but it's perfect and I can use it for years. You see, I'm on an allowance now, a real *allowance*, not just lunch money and fifteen cents a day. And I've figured everything out, and I'm going to save two dollars and fifty cents every week. I'm going to put it in a bank so I can't *touch* it—not for *anything*."

"A bank?" Mr. Epstein said. "You should have one of those banks like a cash register. I had a few here at Christmas." He came out from behind the counter and looked in the showcase on the other side of the room. "Here you are," he said. "How's this? It registers nickels, dimes, and quarters."

"Oh!" Judy took the bank in her hand. It was small, but it had a professional look. "How much will it hold?" she asked.

"Ten dollars," Mr. Epstein said. "And when you get ten dollars, it opens and you can take out the money and put it in a savings bank. A regular one. Then you can start all over again." He turned the bank over and looked at the price tag. "It was two-fifty, but I'll let you have it for two dollars."

"Why, that's lovely of you, Mr. Epstein. I have a bank, but I can shake the money out."

"That's no good."

"No, it isn't, is it?" Judy said. She opened her bag and took out three dollars. "I'll take it."

"That'll be two fifty-five with tax. For the ledger and for the bank," said Mr. Epstein. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out forty-five cents change.

"Wait a minute," Judy said. She took two dollar bills from her bag and handed them to him. "May I have some change? You see, I plan to save two dollars and a half, and I'm going to put it right in the bank now."

He counted out two dollars in silver and gave the money to Judy. She set the bank down on the counter. "I'm going to drop in a nickel first," she said. She slipped one in the slot and pulled a tiny lever to the right of the bank, and a bell tinkled faintly as the nickel dropped to the bottom. The dimes had a more silvery tone and the quarters were sensational. "Isn't it wonderful!" Judy exclaimed. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"It's a good bank," Mr. Epstein said. "A very good bank. You made a good buy."

Judy tucked the ledger under her arm and picked up the bank. "Well, happy New Year," she said.

"Happy New Year!"

IN her room once more, Judy set the bank on the corner of her desk and opened the ledger. At the top of the first

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"No, no, Mrs. Flang! This is where the self-service ends."

page she wrote the date, and above one column she printed "Debit" and above the other "Credit." In the credit column she put, "Received from Mr. Harold Graves—$5.00," and in the debit column she wrote, "Cost of ledger—50 cents, tax—1 cent, cost of bank reduced from $2.50—$2.00, tax—4 cents." At the bottom of the page she wrote the totals: $5.00 on the credit side and $2.55 on the debit side. She looked at the bank, noting happily that it registered two dollars and forty-five cents, just five cents short of what she had planned to save. She reached for her pocketbook, and as she did so, the realization of what she had done struck her. Her stomach turned over and her hands grew cold. "Lois!" she called.

From across the hall, her mother's voice answered her. "Lois has gone out."

Judy got up from the desk and walked over to the window. She heard her mother come into the room, but she did not turn around.

"Well!" Mrs. Graves said. "What's this? A bank! And with two dollars and forty-five cents in it! That's splendid, darling! Just splendid! I think you are very wise to make such a sensible investment. To spend a little of your money for such a nice, practical bank and put your savings away *first*."

"Mom, where's Daddy?" Judy asked.

"He's gone to the club," Mrs. Graves said brightly. "To get a check cashed. He won't be long." She went over to Judy and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "He'll be proud of you, Judy."

Judy felt the veil on her mother's hat tickle the back of her neck. "Where are you going?" she asked dully.

"Just over to Madge's. When Daddy comes, tell him I'll be back about five." She patted Judy's shoulder and hurried from the room.

JUDY heard the front door close. She walked back to the desk. She took the bank and put it in the side drawer of her desk. She closed the ledger and sat down, staring into space as a week of barren days moved by. There would be no lunches, no sodas or candy, no movies. Lois would see that she was not in the lunchroom and tell her mother, and the whole dreadful catastrophe would be exposed. Her allowance would be stopped and she would be put back on the old regime—enough money every day for that day's needs.

She sat quietly, her hands in her lap, in an agony of apprehension. She didn't know her father had come in until he called, "Anybody home?"

"I am," she answered. "Lois isn't, and Mom says to tell you she went to Madge's and that she'll be back about five."

She turned as her father entered the room. He smelled of the cold, of cigars, and of another, richer fragrance. He still wore his derby.

"Met Ted Kirby," he said. "What do you know about that? Haven't seen him in over ten years. Hasn't changed a bit. I told him so, and he told me he'd have recognized me anywhere." He walked toward Judy and stood with his hand resting heavily on her shoulder. "How's the little capitalist?" he asked. "How is she?"

"Oh, I'm fine," Judy said. "I saved two dollars and forty-five cents."

She opened the drawer of her desk and brought out the bank.

"Well," he said. "Bought a bank, too?"

"Yes," Judy said. "And a ledger."

Mr. Graves picked up the bank and turned it over. He glanced hastily at the price tag, and then at the sum registered on the front of the bank. "It's a fine bank," he said. "Almost watertight." He didn't look at Judy, but pushed his hat back on his head and stared at the ceiling. "I tell you what," he said. "Just because you've saved so much out of your first allowance, I'll double it. Double the amount you've saved this week." He took out his wallet and gave her two dollar bills and then counted out forty-five cents in change.

"Oh!" Judy gasped. "Why, that's wonderful! It's just wonderful!"

"Well," Mr. Graves said grandly, "they say you can't take it with you." He began to whistle softly.

Judy, holding the money in her hand, suddenly felt as light as air.

—SALLY BENSON

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Evening News*]

Three months after they were married, Higgins said, he came home to find his wife in bed with his brother Earl, a laborer.

"I was stunned," Higgins recounted. "I said, 'I am surprised.' "

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A POX ON YOU, MINE GOODLY HOST

A FEW nights ago I strolled into our Pompeian living room in my stocking feet, bedad, with a cigar in my mouth and a silk hat tilted back on my head, to find Maggie in her new evening cape and with osprey plumes in her hair, pulling on long white gloves. A little cluster of exclamation points and planets formed over her head as she saw me.

"Aren't you dressed yet, you bonehead?" she thundered. "Or were you sneaking down to Dinty Moore's for corned beef and cabbage with those worthless cronies of yours?" I soon assuaged the good woman's fears, and in response to my queries she drew from her reticule an advertisement clipped from the *Sun*. It displayed photographs of George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart framed in a family album over the legend "From Schrafft's Album of Distinguished Guests. The parade of luminaries who enjoy Schrafft's hearty dinners includes columnists, sportswriters, stage and radio personalities, football coaches, illustrators, producers. Adding to the glitter of this list are the distinguished names of Kaufman and Hart, who have written many a Broadway hit." Of course, nothing would do but we must dine at Schrafft's that very evening and mingle in the pageantry, so without further ado we set out.

Although it was not yet seven o'clock when our cab pulled up in front of the Forty-third Street branch, a sizable crowd of autograph-seekers had assembled and were eagerly scrutinizing each new arrival. A rapturous shout went up as I descended. "Here comes dashing Brian Aherne!" exulted a charming miss, rushing forward. "Isn't it sickening?" I murmured into my wife's ear. "This happens everywhere—in stores, on buses—" "Yes, I know," she grated. "Everybody takes me for Olivia de Havilland. Get out of the way, you donkey. Don't you see the man's trying to get by?" To my surprise, I found myself brushed aside by Brian Aherne, who must have been clinging to the spare tire. As I shouldered my way after him, curious stares followed me. "That must be his bodyguard," commented a fan. "That shrimp couldn't be a cat's bodyguard," sneered his neighbor. I looked the speaker full in the eye. "That's for the cat to say," I riposted, and as the bystanders roared, I stalked through the revolving doors, conscious that I had scored.

Buoyant the advertisement had been, but I was frankly dazzled by the scene which confronted me. The foyer, ablaze with lights, was peopled by personages of such distinction as few first nights attract. Diamonds of the finest water gleamed at the throats of women whose beauty put the gems to shame, and if each was not escorted by a veritable Adonis, he was at least a Greek. A hum of well-bred conversation rose from the throng, punctuated now and again by the click of expensive dentures. In one corner Nick Kenny, Jack Benny, James Rennie, Sonja Henie, and E. R. Penney, the chain-store magnate, were gaily comparing pocketbooks to see who had the most money, and in another Jim Thorpe chatted with Jay Thorpe, cheek by jowl with Walter Wanger, Percy Grainger, and Ralph Rainger. Here Lou Little and Elmer Layden demonstrated a new shift to a fascinated circle, while there Ann Corio demonstrated still another to an even more spellbound circle. Myron Selznick, Frank Orsatti, and Leland Hayward had just planed in from the Coast to sign everyone to agency contracts, and now, swept along by sheer momentum, were busily signing each other. As far as the eye could see, at tables in the background, gourmets were gorging themselves on chicken-giblet-and-cream-cheese sandwiches, apple pandowdy, and orange snow. One fine old epicure, who had ordered a sizzling platter without specifying what food was to be on it, was nevertheless eating the platter itself and smacking his lips noisily. Small wonder that several world-famed illustrators, among them Henry Raleigh, Norman Rockwell, and Pruett Carter, had set up easels and were limning the brilliant scene with swift strokes. I was drinking in every detail of the shifting panorama when a hostess well over nine feet tall, with snow mantling her summit, waved me toward a door marked "Credentials."

"We—we just wanted the old-fashioned nut pudding with ice-cream sauce, Ma'am," I stammered.

"That's up to the committee, Moozeer," she said briskly. "If we let in every Tom, Dick, and Harry who wanted the old-fashioned nut pudding with ice-cream sauce—ah, good evening, Contessa! Back from Hobe Sound already?"

I ENTERED a small room exquisitely furnished in Biedermeier and took my place in a short queue of applicants. Most of them were obviously un-

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der tension, and the poor wretch in front of me was a pitiable spectacle. His eyes rolled wildly, tremors shook his frame, and it was apparent he entertained small hope of meeting the rigorous requirements.

"What have Kaufman and Hart got that I haven't got?" he demanded of me desperately. "I bought a house in Bucks County and wrote two plays, both smash hits, even if they didn't come to New York. Why, you ought to see the reviews 'Tea and Strumpets' and 'Once in a Wifetime' got in Syracuse!" I reassured him as best I could, but his premonitions were well founded, for a few moments later he was ignominiously dispatched to dine at a cafeteria. I was shuffling forward to confront the tight-lipped examiners when a scuffle broke out in the foyer and Kaufman and Hart, bundled in astrakhan greatcoats and their eyes flashing fire, were herded in unceremoniously.

"What is the meaning of this—this bestiality?" sputtered Hart. "How dare you bar us from this bourgeois *bistro?*"

"I've been thrown out of better restaurants than this!" boomed Kaufman, rapidly naming several high-class restaurants from which he had been ejected. The chairman of the board picked up a dossier and turned a cold smile on the playwrights.

"Naturally, we regret any inconvenience to you gentlemen," he said smoothly, "but our house rules are inflexible. You have a new play, 'Lady in the Dark,' have you not, Mr. Hart?" Hart regarded him stonily. "With Gertrude Lawrence, I believe?"

"Yes," snapped Hart, "and she's sitting right up at the fountain this minute having a rum-and-butter-toffee sundae with chopped pecans."

"Why were we not shown the script of that play, Mr. Hart?" The chairman's voice was silky with menace. "Why was nobody in the Frank G. Shattuck organization consulted regarding casting?"

"I—I meant to," quavered Hart. "I swear I did! I told my secretary—I made a note—"

"Thought you'd smuggle it into town without us, did you?" snarled the chairman. "Let 'em read the out-of-town notices in *Variety*, eh?" A tide of crimson welled up the alabaster column of Hart's neck, and he stood downcast, staring at his toecaps. Kaufman would fain have interceded for his associate, but the chairman stopped him with a curt gesture.

"Hamburg Heaven for thirty days," he barked. "Take 'em away."

"No, no—not that, not that!" screamed the luckless duo, attempting to embrace the chairman's knees. But no vestige of pity lurked in that granite visage, and an instant later they were borne kicking and squealing from the chamber by two brawny attendants.

AND now little else remains to be told. How I managed to elude my captors and steal the superb mocha cupcake the natives call The Star of Forty-third Street Between Sixth Avenue and Broadway must be left to another chronicle. Suffice to say that whenever your mother and I pass Schrafft's, she turns to me with a secret smile and we continue right on up to Lindy's. We can still get in there without a visa. —S. J. PERELMAN

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A survey shows Yale graduates have 1.3 children, Vassar graduates 1.7, proving that women have more children than men.—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

That puts an end to *that* controversy.

"Now, right here is where you need a change of pace."

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PROFILES

THE CANDOR KID—I

ONCE upon a time, in a far country called Riverside Drive, a miracle child was born and her name was Clare Boothe. Over her cradle hovered so many good fairy godmothers that an S.R.O. sign was soon put up at the foot of the crib and a couple of witches who had drifted along just for the hell of it had to fly away and come back for the Wednesday matinée. To the infant Clare, the first good fairy gave Beauty, the second gave Wealth, the third Talent, the fourth Industriousness, and the fifth Success. The sixth good fairy flew around frowning for a while, thinking up a way to make a monkey out of the other fairies, and finally she waved her wand over the crib, and lo, each gift was doubled and tripled until the infant Clare was more shiningly endowed than any other infant in the land.

By that time it was Wednesday and the two witches were back, shrieking and bumping broomsticks and quarrelling over which curse each would put upon the babe. "I will give her Unpopularity, the distrust of her fellow-men and women," the first witch asserted. "So go ahead, copycat," sneered the second witch. "I have already given her Candor, which amounts to the same thing." And the two witches dropped their gifts in a shower of stars and hisses and departed, thinking the infant Clare was sound asleep, but there they were mistaken. Clare was as wide awake as anything, and she looked thoughtfully after the vanishing harpies. "I'll fix you," she lisped.

It came to pass that the maiden Clare, growing to young womanhood, worked harder than any maiden in the land, and she grew so increasingly beautiful that the lesser maidens invented a salutation for her, which was "Work seems to agree with you, dear." When they said that, Clare would gaze at them and reply, "You're nothing but a pack of disappointed witches, you lesser maidens, you." And the lesser maidens, observing the dangerous glow that darted from the wide blue eyes, the lightning that issued from the rosebud mouth, the rigid insult regularly delivered by means of an ethereal upward glance and a flowerlike gesture of the hand, would shake their heads and marvel. "It is like taking candor from a baby," they said.

THE threat against witches is one which Clare Boothe, as a playwright, has abundantly carried out. In her first successful play, "The Women," she tied up her own sex crisply in cellophane and delivered it to the ashcan. "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" contributed a caricature of Southern womanhood. "Margin for Error" presented a sympathetic character in the wife of the Nazi consul, but Miss Boothe considers that this character is, like Mary Haines in "The Women" (the only other admirable woman she has depicted), a fathead. Perhaps the most pungent chapter in her book about the war, "Europe in the Spring," is the one satirizing the rich women refugees in the Paris Ritz, and some readers suspect that it is the most accurate part of the book. These critics do not belittle Miss Boothe's account of what she saw in Europe, but they are bothered by small, haunting discrepancies, such as her description of an encounter in Paris with Vincent Sheean one day, just after she had seen the refugees coming into the Gare du Nord. Miss Boothe's book relates the following conversation between Sheean and herself:

> I said, "Vincent, I have been to the station. Have you been to the station?"
> "No," he said. "I know all about *that*. I have seen it in Spain, it's always like that."
> "But this is worse."
> "Yes," he said, "this is worse."

The effectiveness of this account is slightly marred, at least for readers who happen to be friends of Vincent Sheean's, by their knowledge of the fact that anyone who knows Sheean well enough to call him by his first name invariably calls him Jimmy. Not wanting to quibble, they nevertheless wonder nervously if the rest of the book is equally hazy. Miss Boothe explains that she wrote the book fast and perhaps carelessly, and it is, in fact, a remarkable example of her capacity for getting things done. She wrote it in five weeks. The speed with which she turns out her plays is so familiar to her friends that one of them, thinking up ways to kill half an hour with a companion after lunch the other day, said, "Well, if we were Clare Boothe, we could write a play." Miss Boothe is active and efficient socially as the wife of Henry R. Luce, the chairman of the board of Time, Inc., which publishes *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, and as the mistress of three homes—an apartment in the Waldorf Towers in New York, a house in Greenwich, Connecticut, and a plantation at Monck's Corner, near Charleston, South Carolina. Her most widely discussed quality is her beauty, which she spends little time on, except for an occasional visit to the Du Barry Salon, where she stands on her head and does many interesting exercises. Other women writers have been fair to look on, but only to the degree that surprises people into saying, "She's very good-looking for a writer," in much the same way that a certain bird-hater once remarked of a canary, "It sings well, for a canary." Miss Boothe's looks are compelling enough to establish even a writer as a beauty. She is blonde, with a complexion that is actually pearl-like and a face that is saved from too angelic a cast by a strong, handsome nose and rather heavy, straight eyebrows. Her eyes are blue, translucent, and bland; her voice is musical; and her laughter is frequent and charming. She always looks so cool and delectable that a Frenchman, describing her, once said, "It is a beautiful façade, well constructed but without central heating."

Clare Boothe

People who know Clare Boothe well realize that the clear beauty of her face, the straight regard of her limpid eyes, and the light, high laughter with which she punctuates her conversation conceal nothing sinister. She is exactly what she seems to be—an amused, tolerant, unusually good-looking woman who has, perhaps, a blind spot in her perceptions. She writes vitriolic plays about vicious people not from any conviction that vice is wrong but because she honestly sees most people as bitches, two-timers, and phonies. Virtue neither bores nor interests her. It is simply an improbable quality which she has not yet investigated. She admits, with a schoolgirl giggle, that she finds vice more intriguing. "Intriguing" is a word she uses often, and it

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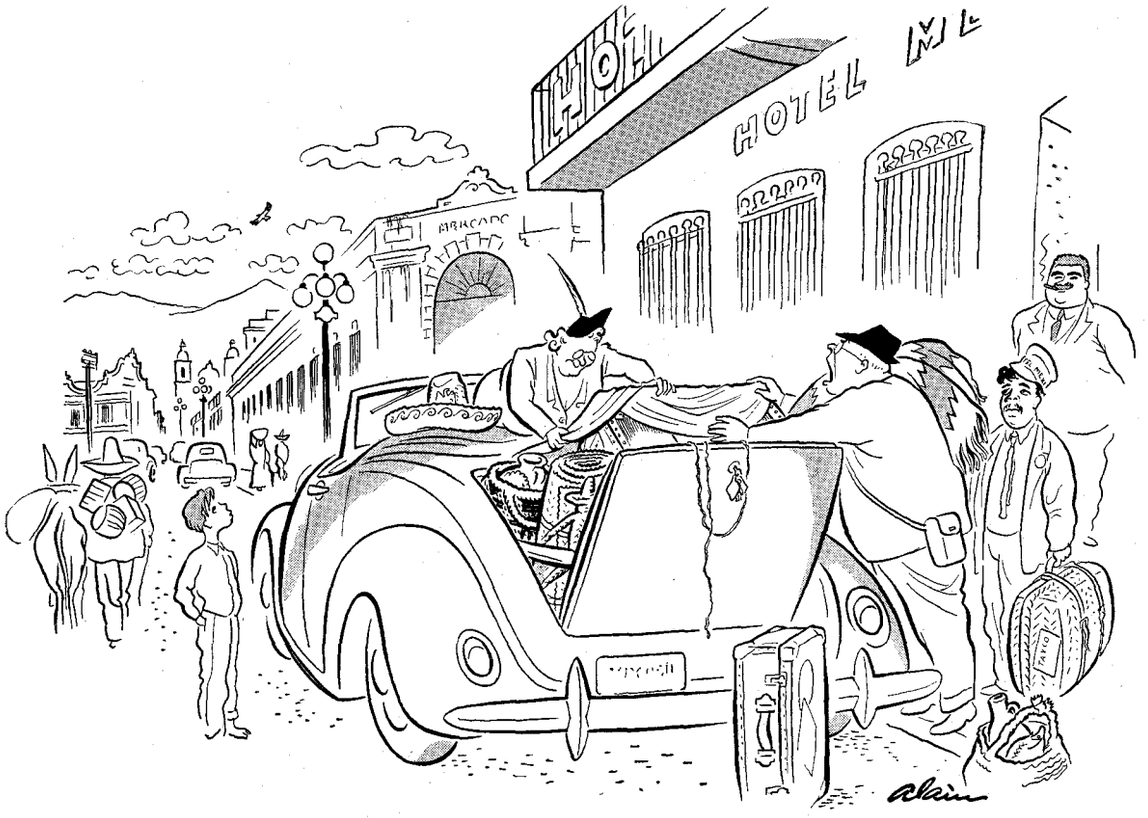

"Sometimes I wish the rate of exchange wasn't so much in our favor."

• •

emphasizes the remarkable youthfulness of her manner and appearance when she talks. More than one woman, chatting with Miss Boothe, has been suddenly and strangely reminded of her boarding-school days when the girls would gather to whisper and chuckle after lights-out. Miss Boothe's talk is naturally less innocent than dormitory chatter, but it has the same disarming qualities of wonder and unceasing astonishment. "Clare is the most unsophisticated darling in the world," a woman friend once warmly declared. "I mean, most of us are used to the fact that a lot of people are louses, but Clare never fails to get a kick out of it."

People who are fond of Miss Boothe consider that, for one so ingenuous, she has attracted an excessive amount of vitriol to herself. These allies are constantly being called on to defend her, and they like to tell how eagerly they respond, but sometimes their loyalty finds unfortunate expression. "Mind you, I *like* Clare," a champion will remark sincerely, "and it simply enrages me to hear people say that she dyes her hair and doesn't write her own plays." Miss Boothe doesn't dye her hair, and she does write her own plays, but those two rumors—like most rumors about her—are the kind that are difficult to deny without strengthening. The oblique support of Miss Boothe's friends is hardly less deadly than the killing attack of her enemies. At a dinner in Hollywood last year, at which Dorothy Parker was present, Miss Boothe's name was mentioned, and a woman friend of hers at the table found herself in the familiar, bristling position of defence. She spoke at length of Miss Boothe's generosity, of the way she often helped less gifted people with money and with letters of introduction to her own influential acquaintances, and she ended, not too happily, by declaring, "Clare Boothe is always kind to her inferiors." Mrs. Parker looked up wanly. "And where," she inquired, "does she find them?"

Mrs. Parker's disinclination for Miss Boothe is said to have sprung from the familiar but apocryphal incident of the two ladies' happening to enter a restaurant at the same time, several years ago. "Age before beauty," said Miss Boothe to Mrs. Parker, according to this tale. "And pearls before swine," Mrs. Parker replied, sweeping ahead. Probably, Mrs. Parker shares the distrust felt by many writers of the sweat-and-struggle school when they hear about Miss Boothe's fine, free, glowing, and effortless gift of composition. Miss Boothe writes with a pencil on manuscript paper bound into morocco covers, and she can write anywhere at any time, with such facility that the words fairly leap past each other onto the paper. She wrote the first draft of "The Women" in three days, mostly sitting up in bed in her Towers suite at the Waldorf, wearing a pink velvet bed jacket and a blue satin bow in her hair. "The Women" has been played in eighteen countries and in ten languages, and it has earned about $300,000 net in royalties for Miss Boothe so far. Such statistics may impress the writer who spends a month or two perfecting one short story or one article which will sell for some $299,000 less than Miss Boothe has made out of "The Women," but they do not make him love Miss Boothe. There is something dilettante and infuriating to him in the pretty picture of the Muse in spats crashing the Waldorf, and he is deaf to the redeeming fact that Miss Boothe works harder than most authors at rewriting. Max Gordon, who produced "The Women," once said, "When one of Clare's plays goes into rehearsal, that is the time I would like to break both of Clare's wrists. You give her a suggestion about changing a line, and what does she do? She goes away for a little while and comes back with a whole new act." Voluminous production is an important feature of literature to Miss Boothe, and she has no patience with unprolific writers. Once, speaking of a noted woman poet, she said, "Why all the fuss about her? What has she done in fifty years except produce four or five slim vols. of poetry?" Since the noted woman poet was precisely forty-three years old when the remark got back to her, it may have been the carelessly inserted phrase rather than the critical comment that caused one more coolness between Miss Boothe and a fellow-member of her craft. Miss Boothe is frank about her own age; she is thirty-seven, and

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admits it. "I have never heard Clare lie about her age," one female admirer said recently to another. "Neither have I," the other agreed, and after a moment's reflection added, "How old did she tell *you* she was?"

This curious double-talk, in which every boost is a knock, enmeshes even people who sincerely like and respect Miss Boothe. Helplessly, they find that they always have a bad word for her. It may be due to her remarkable gift for bringing out the worst in people, or it may be the result of an unacknowledged spark of envy that is apt to nag at the most unenvious when they are confronted with the spectacle of a woman who has everything, and has it all in superlatives. Scarcely any woman is bothered by another being more beautiful than herself, by a second being more talented, or by a third being more successful, but when beauty, talent, and success are all three extravagantly embodied in one woman, it is sometimes more than the girls can take. They find it hard, too, to forgive Miss Boothe's flawless ability to do almost anything. One time, at a weekend party on Long Island, the other guests were gathered around the swimming pool when Clare appeared, slim and dazzling in a white bathing suit. "Let's see you do a swan dive, dear," said one of the women nastily, thinking she had at last touched on the impossible. Miss Boothe put on her cap, made a perfect swan dive from the high board, swam the length of the pool in an expert, easy crawl, climbed out gracefully, and sat down to talk to the men. She is too intelligent to be unconscious of her own extraordinary gifts, but it is not true that she considers herself superior to other people, and she is impatient with loftiness in anyone else. A friend of the Luces' who visits them often says that one of the few quarrels that ever took place in their home life occurred one evening when Luce remarked that he could not think of anybody who was mentally his superior. His wife felt that this sentiment was extreme, and argued with him hotly and in vain, bringing in the names of Einstein (who, Luce objected, is a specialist) and John Kieran (a freak, said Luce). After five years of marriage, Luce has finally convinced his wife that he invariably means what he says, and sometimes it worries her.

CLARE BOOTHE's most conspicuous virtue is a fine willingness to accept any challenge, and her life has been full of double dares. Christened Ann Clare, she was the only daughter of an obscure couple who at the time of her birth were living in a flat on upper Riverside Drive. Her mother, Ann Snyder, was a pretty daughter of Bavarian immigrants and had been a chorus girl in one or two musical comedies before her marriage to William Boothe. Boothe was a minister's son, an amateur violinist, and an executive of the Boothe Piano Company in New York. Through her father, Clare is distantly related to the Maryland Booths, the family which included Edwin and John Wilkes Booth. After John Wilkes Booth assassinated Lincoln, the Maryland Booths added an "e" to their name in an effort to dissociate themselves from the murderer. Through this relationship, Clare Boothe is probably eligible to such societies as the Ark and Dove and the D.A.R., and she has been thinking lately of applying for membership because of the advantages it might give Ann Clare Brokaw, her sixteen-year-old daughter by her first marriage. Until now, however, Miss Boothe's connection with the Maryland Booths has been little more than another poisoned dart in the winged exchange that goes on between Clare and almost all other women. Not long ago, Miss Boothe, speaking of the happy and wildly fertile marriage of a friend who was then expecting her fifth child, said lightly, "That marriage is what you might call an *enceinte cordiale*." When this crack was dutifully reported to the busy wife and mother, she murmured, "Ah yes, Clare Wilkes Boothe."

When Clare was eight, William Boothe wearied of the piano business and left his family to be a professional violinist, announcing himself, when he could get a job in music halls or restaurants, as Billy Boothe, the Irish Fiddler. He never resumed formal relations with his wife and daughter, and Mrs. Boothe eventually divorced him, some time before his death in California ten years ago. After the departure of the Irish Fiddler, money was scarce, and Clare and her mother went to live with a friend of Mrs. Boothe's, an actress who had a two-room flat on Columbus Avenue. Miss Boothe now speaks of those days with a musing expression and a dramatist's forcefulness. She will describe to you vividly the garbage cans that cluttered the hallway and the night a mouse got in her bed and she ran screaming from her cubbyhole of a

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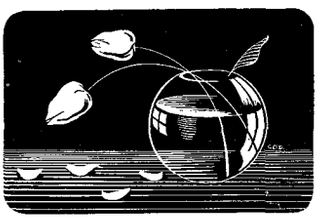
bedroom into the next room, which her mother shared with their hostess. It is certainly true that Clare and her mother had almost no money until Mrs. Boothe, reading an article about Mary Pickford one day, glanced at her daughter's golden hair and sweet, cerulean gaze and decided that what Mary Pickford could do, Clare could do. This decision eventually became a motto which has shaped Clare Boothe's whole life, although the name of Mary Pickford has been replaced at intervals by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's, say, and perhaps by George Bernard Shaw's. Through her theatrical friends, Mrs. Boothe got Clare a job as understudy to Mary Pickford, who was then starring in "A Good Little Devil" under the direction of David Belasco, and also succeeded in having her tested for a part in a movie, starring Viola Dana, which was being made at Fort Lee, New Jersey. Clare never played Mary Pickford's rôle in "A Good Little Devil," but in the light of what happened at Fort Lee, it might have been interesting if she had. The movie test required Viola Dana and Clare Boothe, representing two orphans, to stand together, hand in hand, and register anxiety, fright, fear, and finally horror. When the camera began to grind, Viola Dana went into her act. Tears trembled from her dewy eyes, her lips quivered, her childish hands curved in alarm and then pushed at the air as though repelling some loathsome thing. Throughout this performance, Clare surveyed Miss Dana with a dead pan, her arms folded, her eyes critical. She was fired, but later returned for a child's part in a Marie Doro picture and also appeared briefly on Broadway in a play called "The Dummy," starring Ernest Truex. Her stage name was Joyce Fair.

No woman is more triumphant than the mother of a successful child actress, and the mother of a child actress who has not quite made good is apt to be correspondingly depressed. As Clare's career wavered, Mrs. Boothe came to a quick decision. She had heard that you could bring up a child in Europe economically and in a manner worthy of one connected with the Maryland Booths, whose traditions of gentility she cherished. With what money she had, she gambled in stocks on a tip from a friend and made about $2,000. In 1913, she and Clare, who was ten, sailed for France. For the next year the two led the frugal lives of impoverished gentlewomen, in a small hotel in Paris. The war and the fact that their capital was dwindling drove them back to America in 1914, and soon Mrs. Boothe fell ill and was removed to a hospital in Greenwich for an emergency operation. The surgeon who attended her was Dr. A. E. Austin, a local physician, and a year or so after her recovery, Mrs. Boothe married him. The couple took up housekeeping in Sound Beach, and Clare was placed in the Castle School in Tarrytown. Until then, her only formal schooling had been a year at St. Mary's School in Garden City, since her mother was too proud to send her to public school in New York and not prosperous enough to afford private establishments. At St. Mary's, Clare formed her first friendship with another girl, Elisabeth ("Buff") Cobb, Irvin Cobb's daughter, and she also learned her first lesson in womanly warfare. A boy had asked Buff to go to a prom at his military school, and Buff, who was—and is—dark-haired and vivacious, told him lightly that she would let him know. In the meantime, the boy, to make sure of a good-looking date, asked Clare to go if Buff couldn't. It appears that Buff waited too long to give him his answer, so he took Clare. Buff then wrote Clare a letter that said in part, "You are a cold, scheming, unscrupulous woman," and the rift between them lasted for some ten years, until one day on the beach at Southampton, after Clare had married her first husband, George Brokaw, and Buff had married Frank Chapman, the baritone, the girls happened to come out of adjoining bathhouses at the same time. Each was carrying a wet bathing suit and a wet towel. "Clare, darling!" Buff cried, and "Buff, darling!" cried Clare. "What was that row about anyway?" Buff demanded. "I wouldn't know," said Clare, and they tearfully flung their wet suits and towels around each other's shoulders and made up then and there. They have remained good friends, and several years ago, between their respective divorces and remarriages (Buff is now Mrs. Cobb Rogers), they travelled through Europe and part of Africa together. The trip was a success, with only an occasional breath of friction, caused by the fact that Buff likes to leave books and other belongings cozily flung around a room or a ship's cabin, while Clare is so passionately neat that she cannot abide even an ashtray out of place.



AFTER Clare graduated from the Castle School, she went to live in Sound Beach with her mother and stepfather, but she soon rebelled against suburban life, and with a fairly dramatic

BARROOM MATINS

Popcorn, peanuts, clams, and gum—
We whose Kingdom has not come
Have mouths like men but still are dumb,

Who only deal with Here and Now
As circumstances may allow;
The sponsored program tells us how.

And yet the preachers tell the pews
What man misuses God can use:
Give us this day our daily news

That we may hear behind the brain
And through the sullen heat's migraine
The atavistic voice of Cain:

"Who entitled you to spy
From your easy heaven? Am I
My brother's keeper? Let him die."

And God, in words we soon forget,
Answers through the radio set,
"The curse is on his forehead yet."

Mass destruction, mass disease—
We thank thee, Lord, upon our knees
That we were born in times like these,

When, with doom tumbling from the sky,
Each of us has an alibi
For doing nothing. Let him die.

Let him die, his death will be
A drop of water in the sea,
A journalist's commodity.

Pretzels, crackers, chips, and beer—
Death is something that we fear,
But it titillates the ear.

Anchovy, almond, ice, and gin—
All shall die though none can win;
Let the *Untergang* begin.

Die the soldiers, die the Jews,
And all the breadless, homeless queues.
Give us this day our daily news.

—Louis MacNeice

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"Why, there's Carver now."

gesture. With ten dollars she had saved, she ran away to New York, took a room in a boarding house, and got a job at Dennison's, making nut cups and bon-bon-holders out of frilled paper at a salary of eighteen dollars a week. The child actress Joyce Fair had long been forgotten, but Clare found a certain drama in pseudonyms; as a factory girl, she worked under the name of Jacqueline Tanner. Toward the end of her second month at Dennison's, an attack of appendicitis obliged her to go home to Sound Beach—somewhat to her relief, she now admits. While she was recovering from the appendix operation, she decided that she wanted to be an actress again. Mrs. Austin, who had settled nicely into the rôle of a Sound Beach matron, was opposed to that notion, but she finally agreed to let Clare take lessons at Clare Tree Major's School of the Theatre in New York.

Mrs. Major now speaks proudly of Miss Boothe as a former pupil, but their relations were not always so placid. When Clare entered the school, she was apple-cheeked and plump, with long, fair hair, and Mrs. Major, who apparently liked her pupils to do things the hard way, kept putting a black wig on her and telling her to be a geisha girl. To Clare, who had a logical mind, this seemed freakishly bad casting, and her annoyance reached its climax on the day of the students' first public performance. On that occasion each pupil was called onto the stage, before an audience of distinguished guests and professional critics, and told to draw a slip of paper from a bowl. The pupil was to read aloud, and then act out, whatever assignment was written on the slip of paper. Most of the pupils drew simple tasks, such as "You have just been told that your lover has been killed" or "You are a girl receiving a proposal of marriage which you gently decline." When Clare saw her assignment, however, she was stunned. "You are a cave man," it read, "and your whelps are starv-

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ing. You go out and slaughter an animal for food, drag the carcass home, and you and your family eat it." Baffled but game, Clare squared her elbows, planted her feet wide apart, twisted her pretty face into a savage snarl, and, rocking from side to side in a bloodthirsty manner, uttered a piercing growl. The audience collapsed into helpless laughter, and Clare, dropping the cave-man rôle, announced clearly, "This whole thing is unreasonable," and walked off the stage. Miss Boothe sometimes tells about this incident these days, and when she does, she likes to act out the cave man, crouching, swaying, and growling. She can do it pretty well, now.

After this performance, Mrs. Major intimated to Clare that the acting laurels of the Boothe family had better rest with Edwin and John Wilkes, and, in 1919, Clare took a trip to Europe with her mother and Dr. Austin, who wanted to study plastic surgery, which had come into prominence as a result of the war. The late Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was a fellow-passenger on the return voyage to America, and she took such a fancy to Clare that, back in New York, she encouraged her in fashionable pursuits, which included going to church to hear Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick preach. One Sunday, after service, the James Stewart Cushmans introduced George T. Brokaw to Miss Boothe. George Brokaw had inherited a fortune from his father, Isaac Vail Brokaw, one of the founders of the men's-clothing firm of Brokaw Brothers. He and Clare Boothe were married on August 10, 1923, when she was twenty years old and he was forty-three. Clare's mother was pleased by the marriage, and from that time took a quiet pride in her daughter's increasing social brilliance. Mrs. Austin died in a motor accident three years ago. Dr. Austin, who now lives in Greenwich, recently completed a term as congressman from Connecticut.

People who met young Mrs. Brokaw at the time of her marriage have since described her as naïve and, in a way, winsome. "She wore flowers in her hair when nobody else did, if you know what I mean," one woman says, "and she was always saying she wanted to have six babies." One child, Ann, was born of the marriage. The Brokaws lived in the Brokaw town house, on Fifth Avenue at the corner of Seventy-ninth Street—a gloomy mansion which the bride tried to enliven by a series of dinner parties and masquerade balls. Her efforts were hampered by the fact that she baffled the women she came to know in her new rôle of Fifth Avenue matron. They were simple, good-hearted society women, intent upon the business of life, which was, for them, home, servants, children, entertaining, and keeping abreast of other people's business. They discovered with concern that Mrs. Brokaw was not interested in the details of housekeeping or of cuisine. They will tell you that in the Brokaw house neither was of the best. Mrs. Brokaw had a way of speaking, too, which puzzled these ladies. A witty feminine dinner guest, for example, who had prattled entertainingly at the table, felt less than rewarded when Clare said to her later, in a tone of incredulous surprise, "Darling, you were really *amusing* tonight!" Women could not decide whether such a crack was naïve or somehow double-edged. It's a good guess that it was naïve, and that Miss Boothe eventually allowed her comments to be interpreted as murderous in much the same way that a comedienne, seeing that a fumbled line pleases an audience, keeps it in the act.

Her marriage to Brokaw ended in divorce in 1929, and she received a settlement of $425,000. She returned to New York from Reno rich, independent, and insecure. As Mrs. Boothe Brokaw, she had an uncertain social standing, few intimate friends, and nothing special to do. Brokaw soon married a Miss Frances Seymour, who is now Mrs. Henry Fonda of Hollywood; he died in 1935. In 1929, with her five-year-old daughter, of whom she had part-time custody, a governess, and three servants, Clare Boothe Brokaw moved into a penthouse apartment on Beekman Place. She had sometimes thought she would like to write, but she had completed only two one-act plays, which were never presented; one was called "The Lily Maid" and the other was a grim sketch about a man in prison. Her main connection with playwriting was a photograph of George Bernard Shaw, whom she had not met, which she kept reverently on her dressing table. Miss Boothe likes to tell about her eventual meeting with Shaw in 1939, when she had gone to London with her husband, Henry Luce, for the opening of "The Women." Impressed by the fact that Shaw had consented to see her, and remembering his picture on the dressing table at home, she said breathlessly, "Oh, Mr. Shaw, if it weren't for you I wouldn't *be* here!" Shaw said "Oh," and then, nodding understandingly, added, "Let me see, what was your dear mother's name?" What pleased Miss Boothe even more was the postcard Shaw sent her a few days later. "Kindest regards to you and Mr. Boothe," he had written on it.

"Does this mean I have finally been accepted?"

AT a dinner party in 1930, Mrs. Brokaw (as she was then still known) sat next to Condé Nast, the publisher of *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *House & Garden*, and the *American Golfer*. She confided to him that she was restless and bored, and asked him to give her a job on one of his magazines. Nast told

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AT HIALEAH... it's two to one on a favorite. Fashion's consensus ... the two piece print dress with peplum pockets in Bourget's Crepe Futurity of Enka Rayon. $50.00 • Lord & Taylor, New York • Marshall Field, Chicago

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HOLIDAY MATINEES JAN. 1-2-4

The Theatre Guild *and* Gilbert Miller *present*
HELEN HAYES MAURICE EVANS
in William Shakespeare's comedy
TWELFTH NIGHT
ST. JAMES THEA. W. 44th St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

IF IT'S A B. G. DE SYLVA MUSICAL IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
"A ROARING MUSICAL." *Atkinson, Times*
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
"A PERFECT MUSICAL." *Walter Winchell*
WILLIAM VERA VICTOR
GAXTON • ZORINA • MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"The No. 1 Ballet of the World"
—*Burns Mantle, News*
S. HUROK presents The Original
BALLET RUSSE
COL. W. de BASIL, Director General
51st STREET THEATRE at B'way
Evenings including Sunday, 8:30—$1.10 to $3.85
Matinees Sat. and Sun., 2:30 — $1.10 to $2.75

GEORGE ABBOTT *presents*
A New Musical Comedy
PAL JOEY
Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS *and* HART SONGS
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:30
BARRYMORE THEATRE, WEST 47th STREET

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
3rd YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

"ONE OF THE MOST CHEERFUL EVENINGS ON BROADWAY."—*Whipple, World-Telegram*
Albert Lewis & Vinton Freedley present
ETHEL WATERS in the NEW MUSICAL HIT
CABIN IN THE SKY
by Lynn Root, John Latouche, Vernon Duke
with TODD DUNCAN REX INGRAM
KATHERINE DUNHAM and Her Dancers
Eves. $1.10-$3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $1.10-$2.75
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. W. of 8 Ave.

"Unmistakably a Hit"
—*Life Magazine*
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

her cordially to come and see him in his office sometime. She turned up the next morning at nine-thirty, half an hour before Nast himself arrived, and announced to Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the editor of *Vogue*, that Nast had hired her. Mrs. Chase accordingly put her to work writing captions for fashion photographs in *Vogue*. It was a job which was to lead to a career dizzily divided into three epochs, in which she shone successively as a magazine editor and literary hostess, as a playwright, and as a political crusader, but at the time it bored her slightly and left her simmering with unused vitality. By a coincidence, another blonde who was later to become famous was also simmering in 1930. This was Dorothy Thompson, who, living rustically that year on a farm in Vermont with her husband, Sinclair Lewis, was busy with housewifely duties and the care of her infant son, but was privately chafing because she had a number of things to say to the American public and had not yet found a column in which to say them. Miss Boothe and Miss Thompson had not met in 1930. Ten years later, Miss Boothe, the playwright, and Miss Thompson, the columnist, together supplied the feminine and feline interest to the dark, momentous Presidential campaign of 1940.

If that campaign can be said to have had its lightsome side, surely it was furnished by these two blonde Valkyries, both rampant on the prows of opposing ships of state, both articulate, both utterly sincere. Even now, when the battle is over, the details are fearsome in retrospect. Miss Boothe's decision to campaign for Willkie was largely inspired, or at least crystallized, by Dorothy Thompson's public announcement last October that she had changed her mind about the election and would support Roosevelt instead of Willkie. Ten days after Miss Thompson published this resolve, Miss Boothe made her first political speech at a "Work with Willkie" rally. The speech was called "An Answer to Dorothy Thompson," and in it Miss Boothe spoke of Miss Thompson's "mounting hysteria," her "anxiety neurosis," and her "acute fear." "Fear," she went on to say, "is an *emotional* and not an intellectual reaction to a problem. Fear distils adrenalin into the blood, the victim sweats, her breath comes fast, her nostrils dilate, her pulse races, her breast heaves, and heaves, and she begins to babble incoherently. But worst of all, the blood leaves her head, and her brain ceases to function normally. I say 'her,' " Miss Boothe added diplomatically, "because the doctors tell me that a highly sensitive woman is much more likely to get into this pathetic condition than a man." Later in the same speech, Miss Boothe commented as follows on Miss Thompson's visit, last May, to the Maginot Line, which Miss Boothe had already visited in April:

I was the first American woman to be taken on an officially conducted tour to the Maginot Line. Dorothy Thompson was the second—and last.... Now, it seems that when Miss Thompson went to the Maginot, she had been less circumspect but much more natural in her behavior than I. The guns were firing.... Down in the gun turret they loaded the great 'seventy-five.' They found the range in German ranks... *Un! Deux! Trois!* —and Miss Thompson herself pulled the gun levers! Three times they loaded. Three shells they fired. "This," she said, "is for Hitler. And this is for Göring, and this is for Goebbels!" ... I am sure no column Miss Thompson has ever written gave her the profound emotional release or intellectual satisfaction those three personally fired shells into German ranks gave.

Later she referred to Miss Thompson as "the Molly Pitcher of the Maginot Line."

To these bouquets, Miss Thompson replied, in a broadcast:

Miss Boothe is the Body by Fisher in this campaign. She is the Brenda Frazier of the Great Crusade. She has torn herself loose from the Stork Club to serve her country in this serious hour. She has *everything*—everything to pull in the orders. The Powers-model face that you see on the magazines; the recommendations of Lady Whosis and Ethyl Montgomery-Bangs.... Clare is the Snob Copy in this campaign. But she is also Fear Copy. They usually go together, my friends. Snobbery is the result of fearing that one may not be with the "best people." Well, Clare, the other night, tried to scare me to death. She described my symptoms minutely.... Thanks, Clare, but my pulse is normal, my blood pressure a hundred and twenty, and there is nothing wrong with my eyesight, either. I have met you before, Clare, in various costumes and under various hats.... I have met the ladies of café society who save nations in their time of crisis, and I have visited the nations they have saved.

Miss Thompson was wrong about at least one thing. Miss Boothe hardly ever goes to the Stork Club. Except for an occasional party of Elsa Maxwell's or a dinner attended by other celebrities, she and her husband like to spend evenings at home. Mr. Luce reads aloud to his wife while she does needlepoint. She is now making a needlepoint tablecover

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for Luce's office, six feet long and embellished with the names of all his magazines and the names of all her plays. Mostly, Luce reads detective stories to her, but sometimes he will read aloud the manuscript of whatever play she is working on. He is a deliberate reader, pausing often between words, and Miss Boothe finds this practice helpful. "If I can stand the dialogue slowed up like that," she says, "I know it must be good."—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

(This is the first of two articles on Miss Boothe. The second will appear next week.)

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SLIGHTED OBITUARIES OF 1940

A Listing of Some Individuals Who, Upon Their Demise During the Past Year, Did Not Perhaps Receive Press Mention Commensurate with the Singularity of Their Accomplishments

LOCALE	INDIVIDUAL	AGE	ACCOMPLISHMENT
Chicago	Theodore Bear	76	He made the first Teddy bear.
Los Angeles	Fred Kimble	93	He invented clay pigeons.
New York	Mrs. B. Le Rallec	87	She baked a 300-pound, $3,000 cake for the wedding, in 1911, of Lord Decies and Vivian Gould.
Bethel, Ohio	Dr. W. E. Thompson	104	He was the last surviving charter member of the Republican Party.
Brooklyn	Emmett Newton	66	He thought up the expression "I'm from Missouri; you've got to show me."
London	R. E. B. Crompton	94	In 1881, he wired Windsor Castle for electricity, and was slapped by Queen Victoria for differing with her over the way the job should be done.
London	Hannah Gooderson	90	She was Queen Victoria's personal maid for fifty years.
Port Huron, Michigan	B. W. Scott	56	He won the first transcontinental automobile race, averaging thirty-five miles an hour on the road and making the run in twenty days with a 1909 Ford special.
Whycocomagh, Nova Scotia	H. N. MacDonald	83	He knocked out John L. Sullivan in a Boston saloon.
Chicago	S. H. Goldberg	53	He invented and made more than $15,000,000 out of the crinkled hairpin.
Paris	Joseph Meister	64	He received the first Pasteur inoculation for rabies.
Detroit	E. E. Fraser	87	He was a good friend of Sitting Bull.
Fort Monmouth, New Jersey	Always Faithful	11	He won the 1935 Hall of Fame Cup of the American Racing Pigeon Society for flying 720 miles at 1,343 yards a minute, or forty-five and eight-tenths miles an hour.
Brooklyn	R. H. Otto	59	He was the world's most expert tier of Ascots.
New Brunswick, New Jersey	C. E. Archbald	70	He invented the two-color typewriter ribbon.
New York	C. E. Kihn	79	He designed the Victor trademark—a dog listening to a phonograph record.
San Francisco	L. F. Douglass	71	He thought up the Victor slogan, "His Master's Voice."
New Orleans	Ben Willard	77	He invented the stop-go traffic light.
Boston	A. J. Lewis	79	He invented the telephone booth.
Boston	Mrs. E. I. C. Carlton	69	She composed the music for "Rock-a-Bye, Baby."
New York	H. M. Thomas	70	He invented the rural mailbox.
Pittsburgh	Guy Dailey	63	He was the first vaudeville actor to eat a banana under water.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

CENTER THEATRE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
AMERICA'S FIRST ICE THEATRE
"A PRODUCTION OF MODERN ENCHANTMENTS"—*ATKINSON, TIMES*
"IT HAPPENS ON ICE"
A MUSICAL ICETRAVAGANZA
with 100 world-renowned skating stars and JOE COOK
Evenings Including Sunday, $1.10 to $2.75. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, $1.10 to $2.20. No Monday Performance. Unreserved 75c seats on sale each performance when doors open.

SAM H. HARRIS' COMEDY HITS by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART
GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
ERNEST TRUEX • JEAN DIXON • DUDLEY DIGGES
LYCEUM THEATRE, 45 St. East of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX THEA., 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
JANE COWL
A New Comedy by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
"Old Acquaintance"
with KENT SMITH
Directed by AURIOL LEE
PEGGY WOOD
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45th St. CI 6-6230. Evgs. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

AL JOLSON
in his New Musical
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS
MARTHA RAYE
JACK WHITING
BERT GORDON
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th ST. CI. 6-5990. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"By all means go and see it" —*Whipple, World Tele.*
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in "THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St., W. of B'way. PE 6-8220
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Extra Holiday Mat. Thurs., Jan. 2

ED WYNN
in HIS NEW MUSICAL
BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER
THE DE MARCOS
JANE PICKENS
DAVE APOLLON
BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. CI 6-6699. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40—$1.10 to $2.75

A GROUP THEATRE PRODUCTION
RETREAT TO PLEASURE
A New Comedy by IRWIN SHAW
Leif Erickson
Edith Atwater
Hume Cronyn
John Emery
Helen Ford
BELASCO Thea., W. 44th St. BR 9-2067
Eves. 55c to $3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55c to $2.75

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 31

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THE THEATRE

UPTURN

MUSICAL comedy took a long step toward maturity last week when George Abbott's production of "Pal Joey" opened at the Ethel Barrymore. I am not optimistic by nature, but it seems to me just possible that the idea of equipping a song-and-dance production with a few living, three-dimensional figures, talking and behaving like human beings, may no longer strike the boys in the business as merely fantastic. I don't expect, of course, that the Shuberts will instantly go all the way with John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, and start filling their pretty little operas with tenor heels and coloratura tramps, but I will settle for a good deal less. Practically anything, in fact.

"Pal Joey," as you know if you have followed his career in this fortunate magazine, is a very sweet little guy, with the morals of a tomcat and the limited but picturesque vocabulary of a Fifty-second Street taxi-driver. His twin interests in life are mice, a vulgar term for dames, and getting ahead in the night-club racket, presumably so he can catch more and better mice. He is not exactly the boy I would pick for my sister, a young matron now residing in Port Washington, L.I., but he has a strong fascination for me just the same. For one thing, he is about the most single-minded character in contemporary fiction, and for another he belongs to a strange, violent, and preposterous world about which I can never hear enough. By some miracle of writing and direction, he has been transplanted intact from print to the stage, and I think you ought to go and look at him. There have been some complaints, by the way, about the taste of presenting a musical comedy whose hero is a chaser, a gigolo, and an all-round louse, the New York *Times* going so far as to employ the curiously vehement word "scabrous." Apparently a tradition is involved here: amoral people are all right on the stage so long as they're not accompanied by popular music. I doubt there is much in it.

I can't, I'm afraid, go very thoroughly into the details of the performance at the Barrymore. Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hart have written some of their best songs, of which I particularly admired a fragrant number called "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" and another called "I Could Write a Book." Gene Kelly, as Joey, has one of the most taxing parts I can remember (six songs, about as many dances, and about twice as much dialogue as anybody else), and he does beautifully with it; Vivienne Segal is crisp and expert as a lady who sets him up in his own night club and then thinks better of it; June Havoc, as one of the principal attractions at the crib known as Chez Joey, almost made me forget her celebrated sister, Miss Lee; Jack Durant combines blackmail and acrobatic dancing with the greatest of ease; and Leila Ernst, practically the only virtuous character on view during the evening, is touching and pretty as she moves among the wolves. The dancing, supervised by Robert Alton, is superlative, and Jo Mielziner's sets fascinating in their grisly way. On the opening night, there seemed to be about ten or fifteen minutes in the second act when everybody just milled around, getting nowhere, but this has undoubtedly been repaired by now. I have no other complaints.

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

Viola (Helen Hayes) may be able to make Malvolio (Maurice Evans) think she is a boy, but the audience at the St. James isn't fooled for a minute.

"MY SISTER EILEEN," also adapted from a series in *The New Yorker*, is a fine and generous farce, offering you everything, from artistic Greenwich Village landlords and unemployed professional football players to quite a large section of the Brazilian Navy. The early New York experiences of the McKenney sisters are probably as familiar to you as the Joey correspondence, so there is no particular point in going into just exactly what takes place at the Biltmore, even if it were possible to reduce that cheerful bedlam to any sort of rational synopsis. From the moment the curtain goes up, the ghastly basement flat, rocked by explosions from a subway being built underneath and embarrassingly

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open to inspection from the street above, is crowded with an assortment of gentlemen who have designs of one kind or another on the beautiful Eileen. For good measure there is also a sporting lady, formerly a tenant, who would be grateful if the sisters would distribute a few of her business cards if the opportunity happened to turn up; a shambling handyman right out of one of Mr. Steinbeck's books; a Cossack doorman; a couple of drunks; a policeman who has his own ideas about what business the young ladies from Columbus are in; and many more, just as strange.

The dialogue by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov is brighter than any we've been allowed to hear this season, and, thanks to George Kaufman's brilliant direction, the action is always fast and sure. Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers, as the harassed sisters, and Morris Carnovsky, as their landlord and certainly the greatest of their tribulations, have most to do, and they do it very competently indeed. There are also sound and pleasant performances by Gordon Jones, Bruce MacFarlane, and William Post, Jr. Donald Oenslager's underground set is enough to give you the horrors, even if you've never been south of Fourteenth Street in your life.

JOHN VAN DRUTEN, a man not always aware of his own strength, has turned out something of a hybrid in "Old Acquaintance," which was produced by Dwight Wiman last week at the Morosco. At its best, this, like that excellent comedy of his called "The Distaff Side," is an almost stenographic report of the polite and venomous bickering which goes on among ladies who combine respectable social position with no reticence whatever. At its worst, when it gets going on young love and other topics that appear to make Mr. van Druten's head ache, it is, I'm sorry to say, no more than a piece of rather tiresome though expert theatrical carpentry work. The balance between these two moods is so nearly perfect that it is very hard for me to say whether you are likely to enjoy yourself over there on Forty-fifth Street or merely wish you had gone back to "Hellz-a-Poppin," where something happens from time to time. The answer, I imagine, is largely a matter of sex. Ladies from all over will probably love "Old Acquaintance;" gentlemen may well go to sleep.

In casting Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood as the two lady authors who squabble vivaciously all evening about art and men, Mr. Wiman has shown his customary acumen, for they make an effective contrast—Miss Cowl, dark and *soignée*, filling the air with her pretty hands; Miss Wood, blonde and fluffy, distinctly the bouncy type. It is rumored that, like the protagonists in last week's unfortunate "Cue for Passion," these girls are also drawn from life. I have no idea who the models were, but there was a vague suggestion now and then of a meeting between the late Edith Wharton and Mary Pickford, who, if you recall, once did indeed write herself a little book. Kent Smith, who has had some of the most peculiar assignments on Broadway, turns up this time as the object of a struggle between one of these literary antiques and the daughter of the other. Instead of the beard which distinguished him in "Jeremiah," he wears a mustache which makes him look rather like District Attorney Dewey. He looks rather embarrassed, too, for which I doubt that he can be blamed. Adele Longmire is a very appealing ingénue, though naturally a trifle in eclipse in such fancy company. Miss Auriol Lee, the director, keeps everybody moving around with her usual dexterity, and Richard Whorf's scenery seemed stylish and appropriate. Incidentally, after the spasm of Hollywood décor we've been through lately, it was a great relief to me to look at a set with only one door.

AT the end of a generally satisfactory and interesting week, Bill Robinson, Imogene Coca, Wynn Murray, and various other people I have always liked appeared in a revue as dismal and tasteless as anything I have seen since Earl Carroll lit out for the West. It was called "All in Fun," it appeared at the Majestic, and the sooner we all forget about it the better.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Salmon: A highly esteemed game fish. This name is frequently mispronounced "SAL-mun" or "SAH-mun." The "I" should be silent.—*The Post.*

Silent and *very* mysterious.

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Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:40

GUTHRIE McCLINTIC presents
THE LADY WHO CAME TO STAY
A New Play by KENNETH WHITE
with Mady Christians • Beth Merrill • Mildred Natwick • Evelyn Varden
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Clark GABLE • Hedy LAMARR
"COMRADE X"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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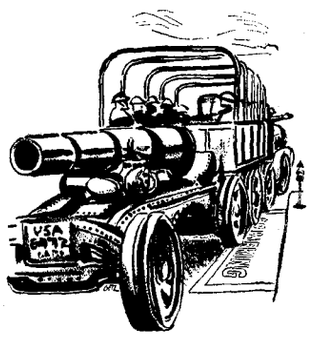
TOUGH KID

I MET Billy the Bastard in the hobo jungle on the west side of the railroad yards in Council Bluffs, Iowa. He was the only road kid anywhere near my age in that jungle. The others were as crummy-looking a crew of old lammisters as I had seen in two months on the bum. They were too mean even to get up a pot of mulligan after a whole afternoon of waiting for the westbound manifest. And I could see that a few of them had makings.

Toward evening a small group of wolves started talking it up around a fire, and it sounded to me as if I might have to do some battling for my honor. Billy had also been watching them carefully. He gave me a quick glance and we both began walking. From then on we hung together for about three months, mostly along the trunk line of the Union Pacific.

Billy was probably a year younger than I and a good deal smaller, so at first I was not too eager to buddy up with him, thinking I'd have to do most of the dirty work. He looked sloppy, too. The old army shirt he wore was many sizes too large, and his blue denim pants were frayed and held up by a belt without a buckle. The way things were, and for all I know still are, on the Union Pacific, it's just possible that he chose to look unappetizing as a measure of self-defence, but I think he rather relished looking tough. He made a point of referring to himself as Billy the Bastard. Before he hit the road he had belonged to a Kingston, Pa., gang named the Bastard Kings of Kingston.



According to Billy, the law got to the Bastard Kings only after they had pulled over a hundred burglaries. When they finally put the bee on Billy, he was sent off to the county farm for a six-month stretch, which he reduced to three weeks by escaping. The anxieties I had about his youth and inexperience were dispelled in very quick order. He attended to his own wants and frequently to mine as well.

Billy had one breadwinner that could net him as high as two dollars in any fair-sized town. He would stand forlornly, pen in hand, around the post office, and when a likely customer came within hearing distance he'd say, "Boy, if I had a stamp, I'd write my mother." In a few hours he would have not only enough stamps to mail out the entire edition of a small quarterly of the arts but contributions toward the *plat du jour* of some local restaurant.

The time he pulled this in Cheyenne he almost ended up with his jaw in a sling. I was standing beside him in the post office when a big man came over and said, "I thought I gave you enough in Greeley to keep your mother posted for a month."

"You never gave me nothing," Billy said.

"Sure I did. Greeley—don't you remember? No more than a couple of weeks back."

"Mister, I write my mother twice a day."

"A fresh guy, too," the big man said. "I got a mind to take it out of your hide."

"You got nothing, no mind or nothing," said Billy.

We made a run for it, and the big fellow chased us about a block before he gave up.

"No nickel-nursing hayseed is going to shove me around," Billy said. "That's the trouble with them kind of people. They give you two bits and think they own you for life."

The same week, near a little division point outside of Butte, a rancher caught us fishing for bullheads on his property. He was mounted and couldn't follow as we ran through the woods, but sent a load of buckshot after us just to make it stick. Later, at the railroad yards, Billy found a grain of shot imbedded in one of his shoes. I had a time of it to prevent him from going back and setting fire to the fellow's barn. In the heat of discussion I failed to notice that he saved the grain, but long afterward he found an odd use for it. Every time he came up against one of my rare scruples he would push that pellet under my nose and say, "Don't be a god-damn sucker all your life. It's us or them." "Them" was anybody who had something we needed, while "sucker" was his fiercest form of invective.

THE one time I entertained some fears of Billy's going soft was in an Idaho jerktown named Franklin. We had been meaning to hold down a hotshot freight clear through to the Oregon line but got bounced at this watering stop by one of the shacks. We were pretty well heeled, having sold a stolen tire for two dollars the day before, but neither of us cottoned to the idea of spending a whole Saturday in that gopher hole. There were no other drags pulling up there until midnight.

We killed an hour splashing around in the water tank and another lying on our bellies in the sun. I had just about decided to snag any old rattler on the run when a brass band started playing somewhere in town.

"Maybe this trading post is bigger than we think," said Billy.

It turned out to be big enough to have a high school with an athletic field and a band. They were about to play a football game with a visiting team from Glenns Ferry. We went to the field, and there must have been five hundred people in the stands. Billy and I took seats just above the local cheering section. They yelled blue murder every time Franklin made a two-yard gain, and that was often. The visitors had one fine back but no line at all. Franklin was slicing off tackle at will. By the last quarter I had lost interest, but Billy was still spellbound. The Franklin cheerleader seemed to exercise some peculiar enchantment over him.

"Lookit," said Billy, "excepting that red letter 'F,' everything he got is white—pants, sweater, shoes, socks, loudspeaker, and everything. There ain't a speck of dirt on the whole guy, and him jumping around like an acrobat in a circus."

"You don't get dirty from grass."

"I do, and you would, but this guy don't. Lookit how white he is. His old lady must have a laundry bill running into telephone numbers. That kind don't do their own washing. He don't have to worry about his chuck and flop. His old man will be shelling out for him another five years or more."

"So what? I worked in a bowling place back in New York where they had two college guys setting them up in the alleys alongside of me. Guys like that come dime a dozen."

"Not this guy," said Billy. "When he sets them up, it'll be drinks of champeen in Chicago or somewhere. Whitey's no sucker."

"You can have him," I said. "I never yet seen a cheerleader worth a damn. We had four of them in school."

I argued some more with him off and on, but nothing could shake his admiration for Whitey. After the game we even followed the boy to a drugstore, where Billy blew thirty cents of our

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hard-earned money on ice-cream sodas.

"A guy like that probably got a car of his own," Billy said.

Whitey's team had won by a large score and he seemed all quite steamed about it. He and a group of fellow-students sang their school song twice and the soda clerk joined in on the chorus. All in all, it was a big day for Coca-Cola.

On his way out, Whitey stopped by our table and said, "You fellows from out of town, aren't you? Staying overnight?"

"What's it to you?" was what I expected Billy to say. What he said was "Maybe."

"The school's having a marshmallow toast on the picnic grounds at eight this evening," said Whitey. "It's for the benefit of our hospital fund and it's only twenty-five cents a ticket. There'll be dancing and lots of nice girls and all the marshmallows you can eat. How about it, fellows?"

"We'll take a couple," Billy said, without so much as looking at me.

"You bet," said Whitey.

We spoke no more of Franklin High's impeccable cheerleader. If I had any ideas about the price and value of marshmallows, I kept them to myself for fear of seeming tight about money, and if Billy had something up his sleeve, there it stayed. At eight-thirty we went to the picnic grounds, a mile out of town.

The dancing wasn't much. They had a victrola with a loudspeaker attachment, but half the time it didn't work. The marshmallows were there all right, and so was Whitey. He took up where he had left off in the afternoon—led the songs, the square dancing, and, of course, the cheers. They had one that went:

Red and white,
Red and white,
Franklin, Franklin,
Fight, fight, fight!

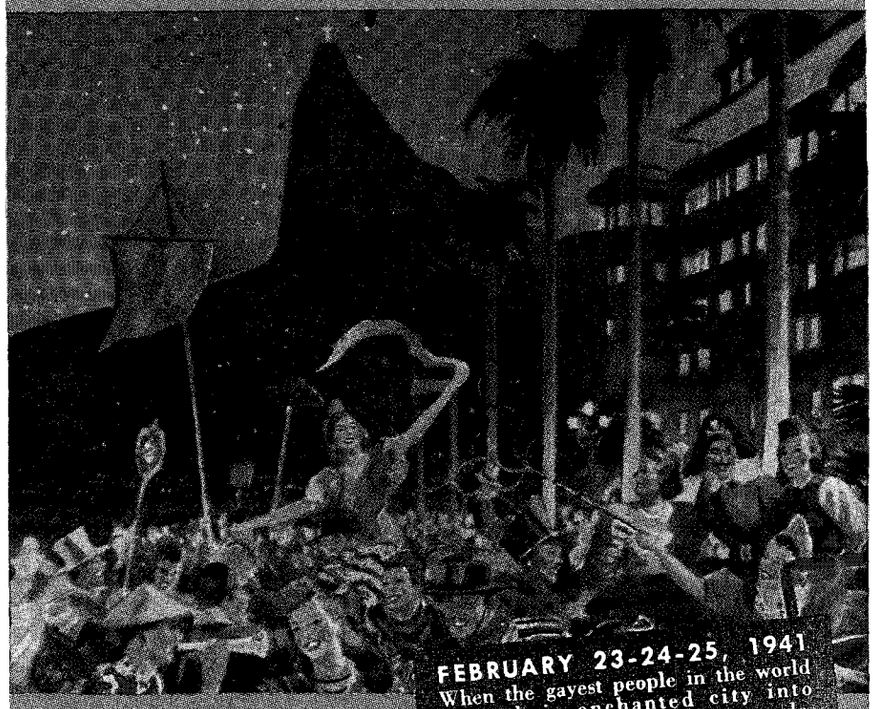
Listening to that, Billy looked like Joan of Arc hearing the voices. Whitey too was inspired, and in order to perform better he took off his snow-white sweater. The shirt under it was white.

"How much longer we going to stick around here?" I asked.

"I got an idea," Billy said. "You go back to the water tank and I'll meet you there in an hour. Don't ask no questions."

IT was a long walk back to the yards and I was pretty sore by the time I got there. If I had not been so curious about Billy's idea, I might have hopped a slow freight that went by. Billy came running in less than an hour and he had something stuffed under his belt.

Carnival in RIO



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He took it out in the clear moonlight: Whitey's sweater.

"I wanted it," he said.

He didn't put it on until we were down in a reefer on the long drag of empties which pulled up at midnight.

"How's it look?"

"Pretty good," I said. As a matter of fact, it was dark in there.

"I think I'll keep this 'F' on."

Billy didn't get to see himself wearing the sweater until we came into Boise, where they had mirrors.

"Christ, it don't look near so snappy on me," he said.

"It looks all right," I said.

"No it don't. Too big and floppy. It's got dirty, even."

"Coal dust."

We went into a hash house and blew in the rest of our money on steaks, but the food didn't seem to make him much happier.

"All the same," he said, "that guy was no sucker. He had a lot on the ball."

"Dime a dozen," I said.

The further West we went, the dirtier Billy's sweater got. Going into Salem, we had to ride the rods and he got a smear of oil on it, stretching from shoulder to shoulder. It was in Salem that I lost him. We had agreed to meet in back of the roundhouse, but he never showed up. I wonder what happened to him.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

•

Mr. Frank Atherton Howard and family, who have been in New York and Tuxedo Park, N.Y., have opened their Elizabeth home on Stiles Street. Mr. and Mrs. Herman K. Niewenhuis, who have been living in Mr. Howard's home during his absence, have moved to North Avenue and will pass the winter in the home of Mrs. Edward Bryan Hixson and her sisters, Miss Mary and Miss Jane Randolph. Mrs. Hixson is now living with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Stanley, of Clinton Place, and the Misses Randolph will go to their New York apartment for the winter.—*The Herald Tribune.*

What is it—musical chairs?

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the Times*]

Anne Shirley, who had been in retirement for six months, has signed a new contract with her home studio, RKO, calling for three pictures a year and giving her the right to make one outside picture each year. The contract stipulates that she will not be assigned to any further L. M. Montgomery stories. Her last film was that author's "Anne of Windy Poplars" and the studio had announced her for "Anne's House of Dreams." Her next vehicle, however, will be "I Married a Cheat."

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE KING OF ST. DAVID'S

THE jealously guarded Victorian charm of Bermuda is being threatened—not by automobiles, but by planes. The planes are not Hitler's; they belong to the United States, and will be attached to the naval and airplane base which we recently acquired there.

During the last war, the United States was lent White's Island, in Hamilton Harbour, as a base for submarine chasers, and when peace was declared, handed it back again. Bermudians assumed that the base this time would merely involve the lease of one of the numerous islands in Great Sound, through which steamships pass on their way into the harbor, and the use of the neighboring waters, but after a brief visit, the United States Army board of inspection asked for several islands in the Sound and a wide corridor across what is called "the mainland." This corridor would cut Bermuda in two for the next ninety-nine years and make necessary the resettlement of about fifteen hundred people.

The colonial government, in great distress, sent two representatives to Washington. According to the *Royal Gazette & Colonist Daily*, they explained to the late Lord Lothian "the extent to which the acceptance of the scheme would prejudice the future amenities of the Colony," and offered an alternative scheme which has proved acceptable to the United States. The details of this plan were announced in Bermuda late in November.

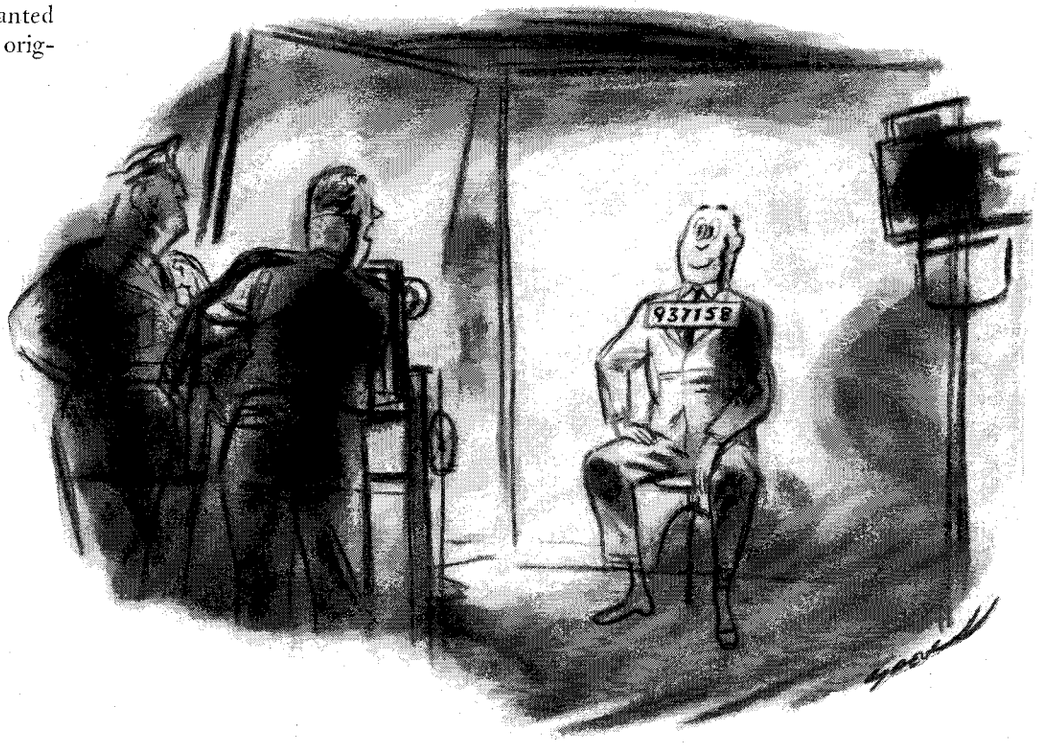
The United States has been granted almost as extensive privileges as it originally asked for, but our military activities are now confined to the east end of the islands, where fewer inhabitants are affected and where it is hoped that our planes will do the tourist business less harm. The land turned over to the United States totals approximately five hundred and ten acres, of which three hundred and thirty acres are on St. David's Island and forty on St. George's Island. Long Bird Island, Cooper's Island, Nonsuch Island (where Dr. Beebe conducted his first experiments with the bathysphere), Castle Island, and ten other small islands are also included in the lease. American Army engineers have received permission to blast channels in Castle Harbour, which is now about as deep as a bathtub; to build a new bridge at Ferry Point high enough for large bombing planes to taxi under; and to tear down the Causeway, which is two miles long and has for the last seventy years connected the island of St. George with the mainland. A new causeway, an extension of the North Shore Road, will take its place.

The devisers of the present plan passed up Vincent Astor's place on St. George, but a number of Americans will have to abandon their property, among them Dr. Beebe, George Walters, Beale W. Fuller, and Mrs. Marshall Field. One or two Bermudians are unfortunate enough to have leased land in this area on which they were growing Easter-lily bulbs, but the really serious hardship will be worked upon the residents of St. David's Island, who are extremely poor and cannot even imagine living in any other place.

Sometime in the last half of the seventeenth century, fifty male Pequot Indians from Massachusetts Bay and their chief were exiled to Bermuda and sold into slavery there. Many of these Indians were purchased by a landowner on St. David's. Since they had no wives, they intermarried with Negro slaves. About the same time, Oliver Cromwell, having subdued Ireland, impulsively shipped fifty troublesome, red-headed Irishmen to Bermuda, and they too ended up on St. David's. A great many of the present inhabitants of the island show obvious characteristics of all three races. Though inbred, they are independent, courageous, devout people, with little interest in money and none whatever in the rest of Bermuda.

Their island was accessible only by boat until a bridge was built between St. David's Island and St. George's Island in 1934. It didn't make much difference to the St. David's Islanders. "If God had intended St. David's to be part of the mainland," I heard one of them say, "he'd have made it that way in the beginning. But he meant it to be an island, and he meant the people on the island to earn their living by fishing and pilotage."

The most celebrated person on St. David's is a very old man—Captain Henry Mortimer Fox. No one ever calls him that. He is known either as Tommy Fox or as the King of St. David's. Nearly all books on Bermuda contain an account of his homemade oven, his fifty or a hundred reticent cats, and his descent into the belly of a sperm whale for the purpose of corroborating Jonah's tale. According to one of the travel books, "The Story of Bermuda," by Hudson Strode, Mr. Fox's father piloted English ships through the blockade to Confederate ports during the Civil War, made $3,500 a trip, and invested it in land on St. David's. His son is the largest landowner in Bermuda. The American naval base will absorb practically all of his two hundred acres, in-



"Now look unpleasant, please."

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OUI, OUI, MONSIEUR

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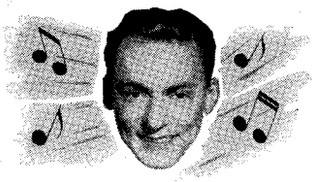

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I DECIDED to go to Ruth's Bay, after the plans for the naval base were announced, take a picnic lunch, and have a swim. The last time I had been there was the summer before the war broke out, and I remembered it with affection. I persuaded Mrs. Fred Trimingham, a widowed American woman who married into one of the old Bermuda families, to go with me.

It was nine-thirty in the morning and the sun was shining like summer when we started out from Waterville, Mrs. Trimingham's guesthouse in Paget. From there to the lighthouse on St. David's is fourteen miles—two hours at least by carriage. Although December is an off season for gardens in Bermuda, hibiscus hedges and the bougainvillaea were in bloom all along the way, and poinsettia fifteen feet high. Our driver had the incredible name of Robert Sodagreen.

We found the first signs of change when we reached the Causeway. Half a dozen members of the United States Army Corps of Engineers were there ahead of us, with range rods, surveying instruments, and strips of bright-red cloth. On Long Bird Island, across which the Causeway leads, we passed the only pretentious place in the condemned area—the uncompleted estate of William Marcus Greve, a former New Yorker who is now a naturalized citizen of Liechtenstein. A scrap of red cloth was fastened to its entrance gate. The estate, which would have cost $200,000 to complete, will be levelled off to a height of eight feet above the harbour and used as a landing field.

In her husband's lifetime, Mrs. Trimingham said, she had often gone fishing at St. David's and in that way had got to know a good many of the islanders. She was particularly fond of old Mrs. Tommy Fox and had brought along a basket of fruit for her. Since Mrs. Fox's house is not on the main road, we stopped at the drawbridge connecting St. George's and St. David's and asked the way. The man tending the bridge turned out to be one of Tommy Fox's grandsons, and gave us fairly simple directions. When we spoke about the naval base, he shook his head. "I'm one of the lucky ones," he said. "My house is on the north side of the island."

As soon as you cross the bridge, the surroundings are so different that Bermudians insist on referring to St. David's as primitive. Actually, it has a soft, rolling landscape made up of pastures and lily fields, groves of wind-twisted cedars, and glimpses of beautiful blue water. Some of the houses are shacks, but many are well built and of stone. The island generally is as it must have been all during the last century.

As we drove along, Mrs. Trimingham pointed out certain distinguishing marks of the St. David's Islander. The men are barefoot, often as not, and wear faded trousers rolled to the knee, a ragged shirt, a vest, and a battered old hat. They are always tanned, they hold themselves well, and when they walk they lift their feet, rather as if they were going through high weeds.

The only good road goes from the bridge to the St. George's ferry, and it has a fork running up to the lighthouse. As soon as we turned off the main road, we were in trouble; the road quickly became wagon tracks and then bright-green grass. We came upon a woman feeding her chickens, and our driver stopped to ask her if the road was passable. She thought the carriage might make it part of the way, but then there was a hill, quite a steep hill, with no place on the other side to turn around. We decided to take the basket of fruit and go the rest of the way to Tommy Fox's house on foot.

"I'm a Fox too," the woman told us. "My house belongs to Tommy Fox."

Mrs. Trimingham asked if she were going to lose it.

"Yes," the woman said, "we'll have to go. Very hard."

When she had finished feeding her chickens, she went with us part of the way. We passed a man hoeing in a small field. "Mr. Hollis is going ahead with his sweet potatoes," the woman said cheerfully.

At the foot of the steep hill she left us. We climbed to the top, and on the other side we looked down on the roof of the large stone house where Foxes have lived for a century and a quarter. It is two stories high and as substantial as any old house I have seen in Bermuda. Beyond it a meadow sloped down to the shore, where two dozen Bermudian Negroes in khaki uniforms were drilling with rifles, and beyond them were fishing nets spread out in the sun to dry.

The path went down past a big tree, and on a bench under the tree three men were sitting—two of them old and one a middle-aged man whom Mrs. Trimingham recognized as a son of Tommy Fox. I knew him as the man who used to keep the bathhouses at Ruth's Bay. There are five or six of

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them in a row and it used to be a shilling if you could pay, and if you couldn't pay, why, you could use the bathhouses for nothing. Mrs. Trimingham told me that so few Americans go to Ruth's Bay now it is no longer worth while for him to stay there. He looked unwell. Mrs. Trimingham asked if his mother was in, and he said that she was and that she was feeling very bad about losing their home.

"What bothers me," one of the old men said, "is that we don't know when we're to go. We're waiting for our rent notice, you might say."

"If they find me a home, I'll be satisfied," the other old man said. "Many people over there's been burnt out. The Americans can't help it. I mean to say, they *have* to take it. America's trying to help England. They're the only two English-speaking countries and they have to stand by each other. I served my country for thirty-eight years and my son is serving her now. My heart's with my King and Crown."

"They'll have to find us a place where we'll be together," the first old man said. "People here do a lot of going back and forth."

EVENTUALLY the path led around the house to the front door, which was wide open. Mrs. Trimingham and I walked into what was clearly both dining and sitting room. Across the ceiling there were beams of highly polished dark wood. The room was plain and bare and very clean. On the sideboards were family portraits, china, two coronation mugs (one of Edward VIII and the other of George and Elizabeth), and a bowl of tropical fruit of a kind neither of us had ever seen before. Mrs. Trimingham called out and a large, elderly, nearsighted woman appeared. For a moment she didn't know what to make of us. Then she recognized Mrs. Trimingham and kissed her. When she had looked into the basket, her face lit up with pleasure. Mrs. Trimingham explained that we were going to Ruth's Bay.

"Mr. Fox always calls it his front dooryard," the old woman said. Her face grew sad. "Ain't it awful!" she said, turning to me. "It seems like an invasion, what I've read of them. America's been very kind. I always said if anyone had to take the island, I'd rather it was the Americans. They've always been more congenial, you know." Two cats walked in from out-of-doors. "Mr. Fox doesn't seem to realize," she said to Mrs. Trimingham. "He's worried, I know, but he doesn't

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talk about it much." Far from being the shy animals described in Bermuda travel books, the cats walked under my legs and disappeared into the depths of the house. "I don't know where to go or what to do. My sister has a house, but the bedrooms are upstairs and I don't know as I'm fit. It's concrete, you know, and there's the dampness." She turned to me and smiled. "I never cared for airplanes. I always used to say they were Satan's invention."

I asked about the fruit on the sideboard, and she told me that it was sugar apples, which are so uncommon in Bermuda that, although Mrs. Trimingham remembered her husband's speaking of them, she had never seen any.

It was twelve-thirty when we stood up to go. Mrs. Fox asked us to stay for dinner and, after we refused, told us that Mr. Fox was with the men in the potato patch and that if we walked along the shore, we'd probably meet him coming home. I ran back over the hill, past the old men, and told the carriage-driver to meet us at Ruth's Bay. By the time I returned to the house, Mrs. Fox had brought out a bottle of English ginger wine and two green glasses with clear stems. As I was uncorking the bottle for her, she touched one of the wine-glasses to the other, and the delicate ring hung on the still air in the house.

ON our way to the Bay we saw the King of St. David's coming along the shore, as his wife thought we would. He was a tall, erect, handsome old man. He had a blond fifteen-year-old boy with him, and as soon as they noticed us, they veered off. But then Mr. Fox recognized Mrs. Trimingham and came toward us across the sand. "I don't always look like a pig," he said when she introduced me to him.

The apology was unnecessary and perhaps insincere. He had shoes on and was wearing faded khaki trousers, a clean shirt, an old tweed vest, and a straw hat which had taken its shape from use. Under his collar was a clean bandage; he has for years been afflicted with a peculiar bleeding at the back of his neck. His features were aristocratic and his eyes full of humor. His gray mustache was stained with tobacco juice and the ends seemed to have been blown into his mouth by the sea wind.

Mrs. Trimingham explained that we had left some fruit at his house and were now heading for Ruth's Bay.

"My bay's gone," he said quietly. "They've taken it. I wouldn't have minded a proportion, but they've taken the whole bloody lot. The Furness Line wanted it, but I said no. My father left me this land, and what my father gave me I don't sell. I asked 'em did they ever hear of King Ahab and the vineyard Naboth's father left him, and they said they didn't think they had. You don't know about anything, I told 'em." He turned to me. "You know the story?" I said I did, but he told it anyway, with relish. When he had finished, Mrs. Trimingham asked about his health—he will be eighty the fifteenth of February.

"The last week my head ain't been so good, but I ain't worrying. They can't make me leave my home. Where'd I go? Where'd I get a home like that? Where'd I put my things?" He looked past us to the house we had just left. "I'd give 'em part," he said. "America's the only friend England's got since France quit on 'em. But they want to take my orchards—my apple trees and my banana trees that I been puttin' up fences for and fightin' hurricanes. They'll pay me money, but money ain't no good. If you're as rich as Rothschild, you can't live outdoors. And they didn't leave me a place where I could lay my boat."

There was an awkward silence; then Mrs. Trimingham suggested that we were keeping him from his lunch.

"I don't mind when I eat," he said. "I come home and my wife says, 'Where you been all this time? It's nearly two o'clock.' I says what difference it make if it was four." He laughed then, and stepped aside for us to pass.

THE path along the shore led us shortly to Ruth's Bay. We found driver and carriage there, and the horse unhitched and eating grass. We chose a place under some cedar trees and unpacked the lunch. While we were eating, a Negro, barefoot and bare to the waist, came down to the beach and moved a cow that he apparently imagined was too close to our picnic grounds. The bathhouses were on one side of us, the lighthouse hill at our backs. The bay was as clear as drinking water and there was seaweed along the white sand. Cooper's Island and Nonsuch were quite close. They are soon to become sites of storehouses for ammunition and high explosives, but at present one of them is in use as a reformatory for colored boys; the other is inhabited mostly by birds.

After lunch, I left Mrs. Trimingham reading a book under a tree and went for a swim. Toward the middle of the after-

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noon, as I was walking along the shore, I met Mr. Fox again, carrying a brown paper bag. "They call me King—you've heard that, haven't you?" he asked as I turned back with him. "That's because I don't associate with Tom, Dick, and Harry." Then he told me how he had once met a woman who asked if she should turn left to go to Ruth's Bay. "'Turn left or right, whichever you please,' I told her. 'It all belongs to me.'"

A rowboat was drawn up on the shore beside the bathhouses. Mr. Fox sat down in one end and offered me the other. From his vest pocket he drew out a triangular Masonic watch, wrapped in wax paper, which he wanted to show me. An American to whom he had given some whaling relics had sent it to him, he said. He asked me my name, and when I told him, he said that there was a street by that name in New Bedford. That started him talking about his father's trips there and about the whaling ships that used to stop at St. David's Island to pick up men for the long voyage around the Horn. Finally he gave me a temperance lecture.

AT three o'clock, I saw the driver hitching his horse to the carriage and stood up to go. Mr. Fox went up the hill with me. Mrs. Trimingham was waiting beside the carriage, and when he saw her he held out his paper bag. "My wife sent you some sugar apples and she said not to eat 'em till they get soft," he said. Mrs. Trimingham tried to thank him, but he changed the subject. As we got into the carriage, he asked how long I was going to be in Bermuda. I explained that I didn't know—perhaps till after Christmas.

"Won't be much Christmas this year," he said. "Most years there is. Go from house to house here, and there ain't nobody too poor to offer you something. This year I don't know where we'll be. I don't mind for myself. I could live in a shack. But I got a wife and a sick boy. I'm goin' to ask 'em to let me live in my house. I'm goin' to plead with 'em." He stepped back from the carriage. "Well," he said, "come again, since you're goin' to be here till Christmas. If I'm not dead, I'll be here. I'm never anywhere but here."

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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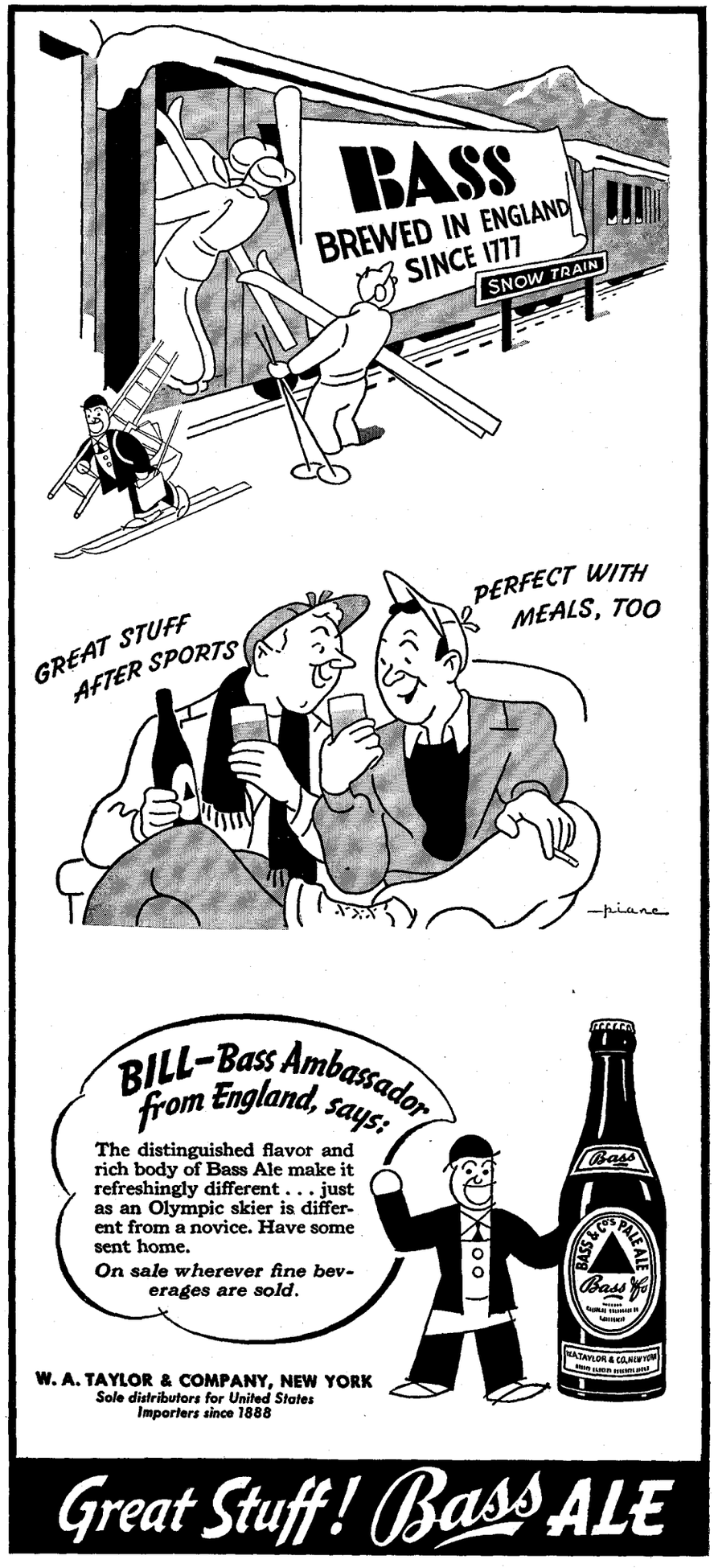
He declined to talk about his wife, Paulette Goddard, from whom, it is rumored, he will seek a divorce. "It's a primate matter," he said.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Oh, strictly!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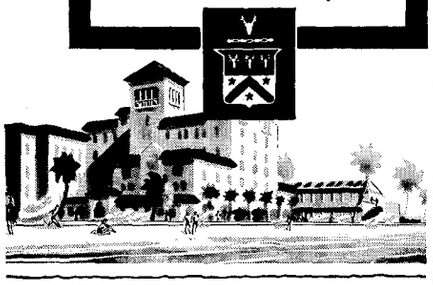

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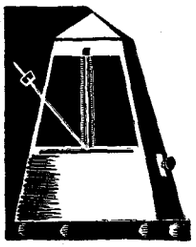
MUSICAL EVENTS

A Revival That Revives

THE big news around the Metropolitan about this time is the new bass, Salvatore Baccaloni, who riveted the excellent impression he had made in "Le Nozze di Figaro" with a masterpiece of characterization in "Don Pasquale." "Don Pasquale" is one of those comedies in which a playful soprano gets pranky with a ponderous bass and all is forgiven in a concerted finale. Dramatically, the rôle of the Don is a serviceable sketch rather than a complete portrait. Mr. Baccaloni, however, sort of oozed a rich personality into the outlines and Pasquale became believable as well as entertaining.



Mr. Baccaloni specializes in comedy, and he knows all of the *buffo* tricks —shifting suddenly from a rumble to a squeak, mimicking other members of the cast, exploding a fortissimo abruptly in the face of the person he is addressing, and perhaps a couple of hundred other traditional devices of the operatic funster. It was fascinating to see him touch off these surefires tactfully as incidentals to a full-bodied personation that always stayed in the show.

The Baccaloni voice, as such, isn't startling. Just good. Its proprietor has complete command of it, and it goes along with his characterization. Musically, one of Mr. Baccaloni's great assets is rhythm. It isn't always obvious, but it's always there, pointing up what he is singing. By now, you probably have the impression that he's an artist, all right.

The revival of "Don Pasquale" was not a one-man show, however. Mme. Bidu Sayao sang Norina fetchingly and was amusing without any apparent determination to be cute. Francesco Valentino was engaging in a rôle that doesn't offer many opportunities for acting, and kept up brightly with Mr. Baccaloni in a tricky duet. Alessio de Paolis was, as usual, a good bet for a part that might otherwise have been an indifferent bit, and Nino Martini was a convincing enough hero, even if he wasn't in voice at the first performance. Désiré Defrère's staging was sensibly unfussy, and the chorus and orchestra, directed by Gennaro Papi, put a tunefully giddy zingo into their contributions. With regret, I add that those comedy false noses, which, I had hoped, were being given away to holders of unlucky numbers or something, showed up again here and there in "Don Pasquale." A good show doesn't need burlesque beaks.

There wasn't any author credit in the program for "Don Pasquale," but the librettist was the composer, Gaetano Donizetti, who built his book about a libretto by Salvatore Cammarano—which makes three Cammarano shows in the Metropolitan repertory so far this season. The other two are "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Il Trovatore."

A NEW Pelléas appeared in the session's first "Pelléas et Mélisande"—Raoul Jobin, who sang the music well. The Metropolitan production of Debussy's lyric drama, however, still misses the necessary mistiness and mystery. There was to have been a new Mephisto in "Faust" —Norman Cordon—but laryngitis intervened, so there isn't any news about "Faust" right now. Nicola Moscona, who substituted as Mephisto, was pursued onstage by a jet of steam. Maybe there's news about "Faust," after all. Mephisto, it appears, gets into Faust's laboratory by breaking a steam pipe.

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS continues to win furious ovations as guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony, to demonstrate his mastery of the orchestra, and to make up unconventional and sometimes peculiar programs. Last week, he offered as the principal orchestral item on his Thursday and Friday performances Beethoven's string quartet in C-sharp-minor, Op. 131, played by all the violins, violas, and 'cellos, with some reinforcement from the basses. Sometimes this multiplication of resources built up effects which don't always come off when Beethoven's own version is played, yet this quartet is chiefly intimate, personal music, and the experiment proved that it belongs to just one foursome, not to about a dozen, however simultaneously they function.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Phi Lambda Upsilon, national honorary chemical society, will hold a business meeting and smoker at 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, October 23, in 302 Thaw Hall. Professor Alexander Silverman, the chapter councilor, will address the group, and the program will include the singing of novelty chemical songs.—*Announcement in a University of Pittsburgh bulletin.*

"In a Test Tube Built for Two"?

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COUPEZ VOTRE CARPE . . .

FANNIE FARMER's "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" can be found today on the shelves of 1,886,000 kitchens throughout America, and I know of only one half of one copy of "Le Gastronome Français," printed in 1828, Rue des Marais, Paris, but it is this book that I plan to bequeath to my heirs. I found the wreck of this enchanting volume, bound in a piece of brown paper bag, in a dingy little shop near Charleston, and it has become one of my greatest treasures. Someday I shall write a scholarly treatise comparing its recipes and its point of view with those of Fannie Farmer. In preparation for that time, I have jotted down a few random notes.

I pass regretfully over "Le Gastronome's" introductory philosophical, historical, even archeological essays on the cuisine of the ancients, no counterpart of which exists in Fannie Farmer's monumental work, and arrive in both volumes at the subject of "Fish." Fannie Farmer says, "Substitute any dry-meated fish in recipes calling for halibut or haddock," and mentions "a characteristic odor which can only be described as 'fresh,' but which is easily learned." "Le Gastronome Français," on the other hand, after a brief plaint that "*Hélas*, the ruins of Herculaneum cannot restore to us the Sicilian *murène*, tuna fish from the promontory of Raquien, mullet from Sinète," etc., cries, "*Voilà, voilà*, the precious monuments of antiquity that connoisseurs are eager for! Most of them still exist; Nature is prolific, the earth and sea still fertile; it is our insouciance which has let the art of their selection become lost." There is none of this weak insouciance about Fannie Farmer. She writes, "Use an ovenproof platter and send fish to the table in the same dish." Good advice, no doubt, but on the dull side. She has no truck with such tenderly meandering recipes as "If he is of a delicate flesh, one puts only some oil and some salt; or, perhaps, wrapped in the leaves of a fig tree, one cooks him beneath the ashes."

In "Le Gastronome" the subject of "Beef" is approached through a dozen pages of prose and poetry, including a reference to the Treaty of Tours and a timely anecdote about a valet de chambre of Cardinal de Fleury and winding up eventually in Paris with "The juicy beeves of Poitier and Normandie . . . It is in January that they come crowding in, when from their savory sides, whose fat and flesh are mingled by the fatigues of the trip and the heaviness of the traveller, one obtains sirloins, the best and the fattest. Of what immense resource is, for the art of the cook, this succulent animal who, charged with corpulence, painfully travels a hundred leagues, quivering, to come and shine upon our tables for an hour at the most!" Fannie Farmer, quelling all the womanly phrases that might so naturally have come trembling from her pen point at the thought of this admirable beast, says, "Tender and less tender cuts have practically the same food value," and points out—rather meanly, I think—that while she approves of sirloin tip, it is available "only in certain localities, notably Boston."

"Le Gastronome Français" devotes a chapter to each month of the year. My mangled copy extends part way through July and therefore includes a chapter called "April—the Glorious Month, or The Hams of Bayonne." The subject of "Pig" was particularly dear to the many collaborators of "Le Gastronome." One of them was moved to remark that the gratitude of a gourmand is not always in his stomach, but he immediately mars this high-minded statement by admitting that "it is not without a secret voluptuousness, not without an emotion of love, that he sees gambolling in the mire the lovable young wild boar followed by all his brothers, who, for the little time that God lends them life, and while they fatten, are becoming monstrous big porkers. . . . The veritable hero of February, it is the pig. . . . He disguises himself in a hundred ways; but beneath these amiable travesties, his merit betrays him always." No doubt, Fannie Farmer is referring to the same thing with her businesslike list called "Made-Over Dishes with Pork," but to me the spark is missing.

Fannie and the gentlemen of "Le Gastronome" approach most nearly to each other, I think, in the two following observations on the subject of tea—I leave it to you to decide whose is which: "From analysis, it has been found that tea is rich in protein, but when taken as an infusion it acts as a stimulant but does not provide nutrient value" and "From the moment of the birth of Aurora tea is rolling in great waves through gourmands' visceral organs, as much to precipitate yester eve's digestion as best to insure today's."

MY extensive reading in these two volumes leads me at last to the suspicion that, as a matter of fact, Fannie Farmer *doesn't really care* what she eats. How otherwise can it happen that when faced with a pigeon she only advises, "Clean, stuff, and truss"? "Le Gastronome" cannot even begin without bursting out, "The pigeon, of an ardent temperament, true model of love and fidelity, offers himself as a hot dish and even as an aphrodisiac; also, is he generally beloved." Apropos of small summer fruit, "Le Gastronome" suggests, "Let one wander, on a beautiful July day, through the Montmorency Valley; would not one say that the god of gardens, in his red robe, had just arisen from a solemn ceremony, or that Pomona, still a virgin, blushes and draws over herself a veil of purple and of rubies? This is the month of their wedding; they are still lovers; later, *hélas*, they will be nothing but spouses!" Consistency has little or no place in "Le Gastronome," for on the very next page it forgets or ignores this pretty metaphor and says, "Happy is he who can unite to the sugared strawberry her sister the raspberry, whose slightly acid taste corrects the cold crudity of her next of kin!" Fannie says, "Strawberries—Prepare like Raspberries (see above)." Who feels any incentive to see above? "Hull and serve," she probably says. I haven't looked.

As I sit in my library at the end of the afternoon, while the unmistakable scent of boiling cabbage drifts down the hall like poison gas, I dream over what I possess of "Le Gastronome Français." It was put out, during his few unsuccessful months as a printer, by Honoré de Balzac, of all people. I wish I had a whole copy. I wish mine didn't end at page 192 in the chapter on July with the provocative words "The gourmand . . . watches with increasing happiness the calf of Pontoise, who in this month acquires the pleasing qualities which . . ."

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

•

LISTEN TO THE RUMBAS
played by the
MONTANA
WRANGLERS
in the Hawaiian Room
AT THE SWISS CASTLE
Milford
—*Adv. in the Bridgeport Herald.*

That's keeping the old eggs out of one basket!

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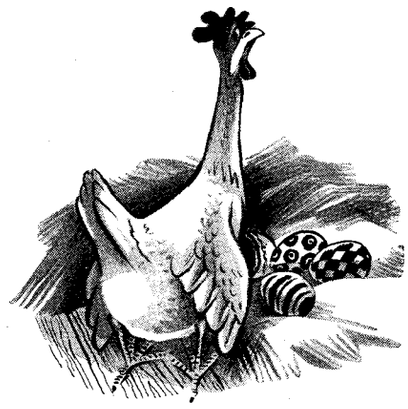

The Fable of the Hen Who Laid Easter Eggs Every Day

The Master was so pleased when Ophelia laid her first red egg.

Of course, it was on an Easter morning, and Ophelia did make a great effort, but even so, there are very few hens who ever really get the hang of it. So the Master was pleased and told her so.

If Ophelia had let it go at that—laying a red egg every Easter—all would have been well. But she liked to be praised, and so on Monday morning she laid a blue egg.

The Master was even more amazed and his eyes shone as he thanked Ophelia. She worked hard and every day there was an egg of different color—green, purple, cerise, chartreuse.

But, after all, there are just so many colors, and one day there came an egg that was a sort of muddy brown.

Ophelia wanted to die when she saw the disappointed look on the Master's face.

That was when she thought of the two-toned egg. From that she went to splotches, stripes, whorls, rising-sun effects.

But the look of disappointment came more often. And one day, after considerable hemming and hawing he said, "Ophelia, do you suppose you could lay a perfectly plain, white egg again?" Ophelia tried and tried. She was so eager to please. But she had completely forgotten how.

• • •

Moral: Imagination is a rare gift...but rarer still is the person who, having this gift of imagination, knows when to and when not to use it. As you pass through the seven floors of the great Sloane store, you cannot help being impressed by the original ideas in furnishings, decoration, and accessories. You will be even more impressed by the restraint with which this originality is used.

W&J SLOANE

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

OF ALL THINGS

THERE was grim irony in the unofficial Christmas truce in Europe. The nicest thing the Germans and British could give each other this year was absence.

•

Lord Halifax's appointment as Ambassador to the United States has been pretty well received here. He will probably be a fine man to cement bonds of amity and borrow the garden hose.

•

The session of Congress now ending is the longest in all our history. It finished its work some weeks ago, but the Republicans hated to go home.

•

Marshal Graziani's report blames the Italian defeat in Egypt on his failure to receive necessary equipment. He could sue his dear Duce for non-support.

•

British warships are still poking around in the Adriatic trying to find the Italian fleet. One begins to suspect that Mussolini has warned his navy not to go near the water.

•

This department hopes that the Mayor will reconsider his decision not to run for reëlection. It is hard to conceive of a New York without LaGuardia and "Tobacco Road."

•

In the new kind of warfare, military casualties are relatively lower than civilian. Suggestion for a recruiting slogan: "Join the Army and play it safe."

•

Verne Marshall of Cedar Rapids seems to think that keeping America at peace is a simple matter. All we have to do is tell the war to stay in Europe, where it was born and brought up.

•

The English language has not been improved by the addition of the words "trainee," "draftee," and "bombee." If we are not careful, somebody will start calling us "taxees."

•

There is little reason to hope that 1941 will turn out to be any better than its predecessor. All we can do is to wish our friends a happier New Year than they expect. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

CONTINUING last week's dissertation on the new manifestations of genius in resort clothes, we'll pick up where we left off—with Saks-Fifth Avenue. High style romps here the year round, but it never smiles quite as brightly as at the time when the customers emit those first mournful sneezes that justify a trip South.

Currently, they brag at this shop about sarong-like things in printed brown-and-black cottons. Skirts of batik cotton have deep pleats below the waistline and are caught in tight at the ankle; you're supposed to go barefoot in these, though nothing is said about carrying baskets on your head. Some have matching short-sleeved tops which you knot between the breasts; for others, there are prim, round-necked jackets of white drill, like a houseboy's. Very smart women would look wonderful in either version. There are also a number of crisp white play dresses, several of them in waffle piqué with blurred, painted designs on the skirts. In general, they have snug bodice tops descending to the hipbone (I told you last week that's where waistlines are, and I, for one, am grateful) and swing out, wide and circular, from there. All have a horsehair band in the hem of the skirt to make its fling more pronounced and are so short that panties to match accompany them. These are the type of thing that smaller, hippy women will head for—and shouldn't.

Among the traditional clothes, Saks has beautiful gabardine offerings in all kinds of dusty pinks and yellows and baby blues, but by far the smartest is in a masculine gray. A topcoat with three buttons, in the classic male style, could not be bettered for a woman who loves tailored things. Well-cut gray wool gabardine slacks can be worn with hand-knit, short-sleeved sweater tops which are heavily ribbed and short enough to leave the waistline bare. There are also simple shirtwaist dresses of gabardine with pigskin belts and brown shell buttons, and, naturally, there are jackets. A straight, hip-length one with a box-pleated back is made of a soft polo-cloth type of wool in bright color combinations, like green and white. Then there are two of the best-looking coats to wear over white dresses you'll ever see. One is a shaggy, single-breasted reefer sort of thing with wide, rounded lapels; the other, of polo cloth, has a yoke which extends over the tips of the shoulders and sports brass buttons in clusters down the front.

When it comes to dresses, my favorite embodies many newish characteristics. It's made of a clean silk print that is all vertical stripes of copenhagen blue and white (lots of it) with little white stars on the blue. The skirt is softly shirred and, it being a season when low V necks are again the rage, this one's neck is cut all the way to the waist; with it goes a brassière of the same material. The top is so full that you can clip it modestly closed with ease, and even if you don't, the brassière and the depth of the V show only when you move about. I can honestly believe that even the less extreme customers are mad about the thing—this sort of naughtiness can be so attractive. Here, too, you'll find inserts of color used to call attention to the sides of a dress; one of white shark, for instance, with brown shell buttons, has cocoa-shaded panels extending from under the arms right down to the hem. They, like everybody else, love such things as a white sharkskin dress with a savage sapphire-blue arrow down its bodice. As always, plain white comes off with high honors, especially in a short-skirted tennis or play dress made of piqué cloqué, which has a raised, padded pattern, and trimmed with saw-toothed edges on the neck and sleeves. For laughs: A big, bundly beach robe of plushy fabric that looks like ermine, and lined with terry cloth; people are buying it madly, despite the fact that they are told it's not washable. Also, black velveteen tap-dancer shorts accompanied by a ruffled white silk blouse with pearl buttons. Mercy!

Much hullabaloo has gone on about the use of rhinestones on evening clothes in the Salon Moderne here, and I had thought that, even though Sophie Gimbel *did* do it, I'd still consider it bold. It is no such thing. Tiny, tiny rhinestones

"Of course, I haven't definitely given up Florida."

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are placed in the intersections of fine quilting on evening jackets or in the centre of the blurred white polka dots of shantung evening dresses, giving the effect of light frost, or snowflakes, or something equally poetic. Rhinestones are even used on an evening jacket of finely quilted white piqué without appearing the least astonished. Incidentally, the use of shantung—and what *shantung!*—for evening dresses with accompanying jackets looks superlatively Right.

FOR daytime coats to wear in the South, Altman likes a soft, rabbit's-hair fabric and uses it to make such things as a tomato-colored coat, unlined, with buttons down the front and a straight-hanging cut; it's shown over a tomato polka-dotted dress but is good to wear over everything. Another coat of this fabric has a bloused back and set-in waistline, and is lined with print to match the shirtwaist-type dress beneath; it's particularly beloved by large women. For them, too, there is a straight-lined dress of rough white rayon crêpe with navy-blue saddle-stitching; over it goes a navy-blue sleeveless cardigan with a zipper down the front ($29.95). There are also print dresses, shirtwaist-type, with pleated skirts; one is gray-blue with a delicate medallion pattern. The plain linen jackets that go over these have the print on their revers. It's an inexpensive version of a style that should never be allowed to die. —L. L.

•

HANGS OVER THY HEAD

"Heavy man," a human made almost wholly of the recently discovered heavy chemical elements called isotopes, became a laboratory possibility today with the announcement of a new way to make heavy sulphur. This completes a list of heavy forms of the essential chemicals of life, all isolated by Dr. H. C. Urey of Columbia University.—*News item.*

Dear Dr. Urey, why pin your hopes
On only the heavy isotopes?

You surely perceive, while your test tubes fizz,
That the heart of man is heavy as is,

So wouldn't you rather attempt to span
The gap 'twixt us and the *Lighter* Man?

Most of the men I know *now* might be branded
As heavy-headed or -footed or -handed.

A Heavy Man? Really, the reason reels!
Invent us a lad who can kick up his heels.

—JEROME BARRY

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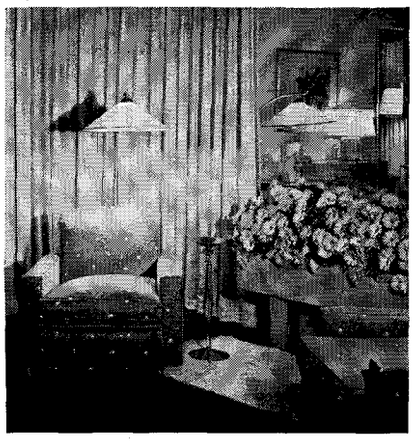

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THE RACE TRACK

One to Open and One to Close

BOUNDING out to Hialeah Park the other morning, I discovered that superficially the place looks much as it did when I left it last March. Even so, people who come to the opening next Wednesday are going to find it handsomer than it's been at any time since Joe Widener fixed it up ten years or more ago. Most of the obvious improvements of the last year have been matters of landscaping, trimming, renovating, and tidying up rather than new buildings, and everything has mellowed nicely as it has grown older.

What a lot of people probably won't notice, but what the owners and trainers of the horses here are most interested in, is the race course. For ever so long there have been complaints about its getting so hard in dry weather that horses jarred their joints galloping over it and went lame, and about how a rain would fill it full of soft spots into which the best of them stepped and strained their tendons. Well, during the summer, Louie Beard, racing manager of the Whitney stables, and other track experts got together and advised the management to dig up the whole mile and an eighth of the oval. This was done, and then fresh bottom soil and top dressing were brought from the Everglades, to work into the racing strip. The job cost $100,000 or some such fantastic amount, and, of course, doesn't look the money. Also, teams of Belgian draft horses will take the place of the tractors which used to pull the harrows and stall gate around, as it is thought that the machines have been responsible for giving the footing the consistency of adobe—a sound supposition, if you ask me. Roy Dickerson, who starts the races at Arlington Park, has charge of the teams, and seems to me miscast. As to how all this fussing will turn out, your guess is as good as mine.

GOING over the schedule of races at Hialeah, I find that things appear to be shaping up well for an active meeting. After the Inaugural Handicap on Wednesday, the ten remaining stakes will be run on Saturdays. Dates of those worth remembering are: January 25th, the Miami Beach Handicap, on the turf course; February 1st, the Bahamas Handicap, for which the management hopes the Duke of Windsor will come over and present the cup; February 22nd, the Flamingo Stakes, the big race for three-year-olds; and March 1st, the $50,000 Widener Cup.

As for horses, any morning you can see Bimelech training for the Widener Cup (and he never looked better); Whirlaway, who'll meet Our Boots in the Flamingo; Raphael II, Joe Widener's latest French importation; Heliopolis, Elmer Shaffer's English horse; and drafts from the Greentree Stable, the Wheatley Stable, Calumet Farm, and Belair Stud. Not many two-year-olds, though; they have—of all things—that coughing sickness again.

RACING at Tropical Park has been full of surprises; for example, something named Sundodger won the Christmas purse, and paid $54.20. More amusing has been the tug of war between Earl Dew and Walter Taylor to ride the most winners. Dew is the better rider; his handling of horses is reminiscent of Sande's, and he uses his whip rather well. However, he was badly managed at first; his agent engaged very few mounts for him, while Taylor was riding in almost every race.

Dew, who had done all of his racing in the Middle West and California, was brought up on a farm near Sac City, Iowa, and thinks he'd still be there if he had not been too small for farm work but the right size to gallop the horses his father raced at the county fairs round about. He did that for three years, and then, in 1937, started in on the big tracks. He's nineteen now—slender, slightly over five feet, and able to ride at a hundred and three pounds. He doesn't mix much with the other jockeys, likes fishing, hates to get up in the morning to exercise horses, and doesn't think much of the East, especially Florida.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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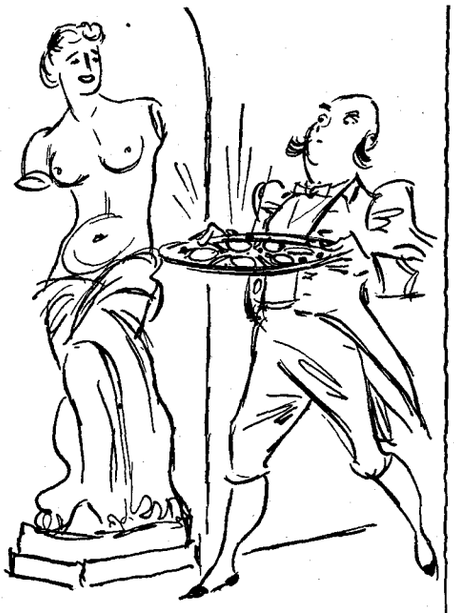

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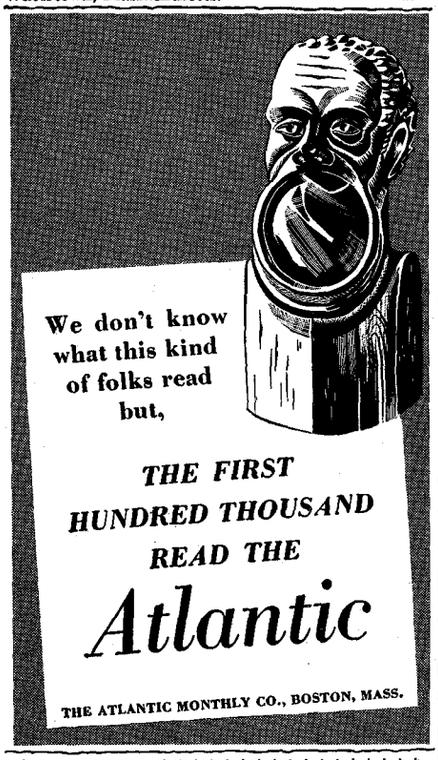
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sinking Spell

THAT sag which follows the holidays never misses, and it always seems to come right to the front in the movie world, that sensitive barometer of social conditions. Just now, not a new film of the slightest consequence has popped out its little noodle. I suppose visitors to the city, especially those cohorts of rampant professors here on the loose, will take in "Fantasia" and "The Great Dictator," and the younger element will want to pay its respects to the Rockettes and Katharine Hepburn. The general run of movie programs, I must say, isn't ebullient at the moment with novelties.

I can imagine that refugees, the international set, and a few sportsmen may find a sad, nostalgic pleasure in "They Met on Skis." This, I am told, was filmed on Mont Blanc and the Aiguille du Midi and at the Lac de Tignes in the French Alps—all names, I believe, which now can break the heart of many who had their special adventures in those places. Of course, there is some expert skiing in this French picture, and there are some very pretty shots of boys and girls zipping over the white snow or sun-bathing in the bright sun that at noon makes stripping on ice tolerable, and of some championship talent that may impress even the youth of Dartmouth, getting ready for their Carnival. A mild comedy plot is contrived, with a snack of sentiment, naturally, and the whole thing has a pleasant, easy air.

"CHAD HANNA" hasn't been put together with any exact care or highlighting of big moments. A rather straggling story, slovenly at times in detail, occasionally has its bright climaxes and, anyhow, deals with what can be called a romantic world. At least, circus society, particularly wagon-circus society of the early nineteenth century, is generally supposed to be rich with the attributes of romance. Being somewhat murky, however, with possibly the cheaper dyes of the Technicolor process, part of the tinsel and glitter we might expect is tarnished, and the fair countenances of those Hollywood beauties employed in the film bear the tincture of erysipelas glabrum, or choleraic erythema. Even with these drawbacks, I like the suggestion given of upstate New York and of the architecture of those towns in the Canal district. Henry Fonda makes a likely enough Chad, the farmhand who leaves his sows to follow the circus. He is first seen feeding his pigs, and as he tilts the barrel of garbage into the sty a sound causes him to turn, and there is loveliness incarnate, astride a horse. Loveliness (Dorothy Lamour) is a circus rider known as Albany, and it is she who actually inspires him to abandon his farm career. Miss Albany, though, is not the love of his life, as it turns out after various circus cavortings, but rather a complication, and it is one Caroline (Linda Darnell), a waif of the Mohawk Valley, who becomes his wife and true helpmate. Guy Kibbee, as owner of the circus, provides the humor considered engaging in elderly gentlemen, and such incidentals as a dying lion, an escaping slave, an elephant, riotings with a rival circus, and a domesticated fat woman (Jane Darwell, padded) round out the scenario.

NEW YORK theatregoers may poke around and unearth a movie house where "San Francisco Docks" happens to be showing, just because Burgess Meredith is in it. The movie people and Burgess Meredith, however, don't seem to hit it off, somehow. Except for "Winterset," Hollywood hasn't displayed any particular interest in this young man, whom the theatre people rank among their prize players. This picture about the docks, for instance, is the most insignificant kind of claptrap, and Meredith's rôle is really nothing at all. Aside from a love scene or two of the most modest proportions and one wild moment when he escapes from jail by crashing through a window just as he is being psychoanalyzed by the prison doctor, he is in the offing, talked about a lot but never seen. An escape from San Quentin (not Meredith's), tussles in saloons along the waterfront, the anxiety of a big blonde about her hairdo, and police activities of a very usual sort don't shape up into anything actually strenuous. Indeed, after a glance at this film and at some of the others around town, you begin to suspect that you might as well brace yourself and go to the theatre itself and take in a play for a change. —JOHN MOSHER

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THE SHIRT IN MEXICO

As soon as the train left London, my friend Valentine and I went along to the buffet car for a drink. The train was crammed, a wartime train loaded with soldiers, and with parties of women and children travelling inland to get away from air raids. It was difficult to move along the corridor; one had to edge one's way past soldiers sitting on their packs, heaps of hand luggage, trainsick children being held out of the window, people queued up sheepishly outside the toilets. But the buffet car was almost empty and looked like something belonging to a different world, with its clean, light-painted walls and red leather upholstery.

We sat down at a little table, and presently the attendant came along with the tariff card. He was a middle-aged man with a good face, innocent and humane like a rabbit's. When I said I'd like a cup of black coffee with rum in it, he made no difficulties, though it was not down on the list.

Coming back with our drinks, he looked at us as though we were already friends of his. The rum was in a measuring glass, and as he poured it into my coffee he said, "Excuse me mentioning it, Madam, but I see from your bag you've been in Mexico."

His voice was full of confidence and excitement. For a moment I wondered if I shouldn't take a chance on it, but I was feeling tired and unsure of my powers, so I said, honestly, "No such luck. The bag has, but it's only a loan."

Now we all looked at the label, which was printed with a gay view of flowers and white-clothed tourists riding on festooned mules. And thinking how hard it must be for a man who apparently wanted to go to Mexico to spend his life travelling in a buffet car from Plymouth to London and back again, I said that the friend who owned the bag had liked Mexico very much.

"Oh, yes, it must be a wonderful country," he said. "All those hothouse flowers growing wild, and the volcanoes, and the Mexicans making such wonderful artistic things. And everything so old, and yet, in a manner of speaking, only just beginning. Building roads, and learning to read, and getting vaccinated."

"Sensible beginnings," said Valentine.

"Yes, that's right. Oh, I'd like to go to Mexico. It must be beautiful. . . . I've got a shirt in Mexico," he said.

"How did that happen?" I asked. "You're one up on me. I haven't got anything in Mexico."

"It's an uncommon thing to say, isn't it? Oil shares, now, or a cousin—that's to be expected. But not a shirt. It all happened before the war, because of a German gentleman, a refugee. I noticed him the moment he came in—he sat down at that table over there—and I thought to myself, Now, he's somebody. A bald man, and thin as a lath, and most remarkably clean. Bald but not elderly, you understand. Presently he ordered a large coffee and a slice of cake. Well, that didn't tell me much, except a nice manner and a German accent. But when I brought along his order, he'd opened his wallet, and there were his papers spread out—a single to Plymouth and a third-class steamer passage."

"To Mexico?"

"No, to New York. Well, he didn't say anything I could take hold of. But I'd still got a card up my sleeve—there was the ashtray needed emptying. When I went to change it, he said he didn't smoke. Now, I don't smoke either, so that was a beginning. And once you've got a beginning, it's easy, isn't it? From smoking we got round to seasickness, and then I could ask him if he had crossed the Atlantic. No, said he, but now I shall. Living in Plymouth, naturally I know a lot about New York, so I could tell him things he'd find useful. Puddings being called desserts, and luggage baggage, and how you can check it through. He laughed, and said he'd be able to carry all his."

I could see my way to the shirt now.

"Yes, just a suitcase and what he stood up in. What you'd take away for a weekend—and he was going to America for good and all. But not worried in the least. What's more, he seemed so pleased with what he *had* got. Made me feel his suit to see what good wool it was and told me all about a wonderful pair of silk pajamas he'd been given. And you could tell from the way he spoke he was the sort of gentleman who knows about clothes—quite a dandy, in fact. He said straight out his shoes were

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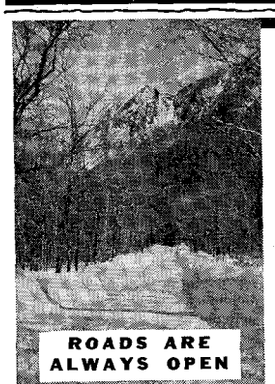

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a disappointment to him—they were a gift, too. And he was quite right; they were very poor articles. Then all of a sudden it flashed on me he could have my shirt. It was a very nice shirt. Providential, really—I'd bought it that very morning and was carrying it down with me. I always like to buy my shirts in London. You get a better style. Well, he wasn't the sort of man you can have pretences with, so I told him straight out I'd like him to take my shirt. Wasn't I lucky to have it with me, though?"

"You were," said Valentine. "I can't wish anyone better luck than that."

"Yes, and he accepted it so pleasantly. But what I liked best was the way he opened the parcel and looked at the shirt most carefully—how the buttons were fastened on and all. Examined it all over, he did. If he had just taken the parcel, that wouldn't have been the same thing, would it?"

"And now he's in Mexico?"

"Oh, no. He's in New York. It's the shirt that's in Mexico. With a friend of his. Look, this is the letter he wrote me from New York."

Often read, always carefully refolded, the thin sheet of paper already had the air of something beginning to be historic:

MARCH 11TH, 1939

DEAR FRIEND:

I have to tell you how I have made good journey and am settled here in New York City. And I have meet other friends here also, and I find some work shortly. And the beautiful shirt you gave me, it is not ungratefully that I bestow it to a comrade going to Mexico when he has greater need than I. I do not forget the kindness. I hope you are well and make always new friends. I thank you again.

Cordially,
RENATUS LEUTNER

P.S. New York is very fine.

"You must feel happy about that shirt," I said.

"I do," he replied. "It was a blue one, just right for a sunny climate. I've always wanted to go to Mexico."

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

Gypsy Rose Lee, strip tease artist and movie actress, is to be mistress of ceremonies at the Christmas party to be given for the benefit of the Off-the-Street club by the Chicago Federated Advertising club at the Sherman hotel on Dec. 19.

The Christmas party has been an annual event of the advertising fraternity for more than 20 years. The Off-the-Street club was founded in 1900 by John McMurray to assist underprivileged youngsters.—*Chicago Tribune.*

No use being underprivileged, eh, gentlemen?

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MOTORS AND MOTORING

Mixed Blessings

THE New York City Tunnel Authority has tried to be so helpful about pointing the way to its recently opened Queens-Midtown Tunnel (putting up those yellow-and-black markers all over town, for instance) and its attendants are so courteous that I feel like a downright ingrate saying anything disparaging about this new way of getting to the other side of the East River. The fact is, though, that unless you know your way around Queens and don't mind a lot of traffic lights, the Triborough Bridge probably remains the best way of driving out to Long Island, even from midtown. Let me quickly add that this won't always be true. The trouble with the Tunnel seems to me to be that it was finished too soon, or rather that two strips of non-stop highway in Queens weren't finished soon enough. Within a year, if everything goes well, one of these strips will be completed, connecting the Tunnel directly with LaGuardia Field and the Grand Central Parkway. No one knows when the other strip will be ready, but when it is it will link the Tunnel with all the big parkways running out on the Island, and *then* we'll really have something.

The Tunnel itself is fine. In my opinion, it's superior to the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels in more than one respect. Like its predecessors, it is finished in white tile suggestive of the Crane-Kohler school, but there, I think, the similarity stops. Of course, traffic under the East River is not yet as heavy as it is under the Hudson, and this may have had something to do with my reactions, but still, when I drove through the Queens Tunnel the other day, it seemed to me that the roar of tires was more muffled and the odor of exhaust fumes less acrid than in the tunnels to Jersey. The entrances to the Queens Tunnel are better illuminated, too; floodlights have been set in the ceiling for a considerable distance at both ends, which helps your eyes become accustomed to the gloom. The Manhattan approaches to the Queens Tunnel are as good as, if not better than, the Lincoln's and by all odds superior to the Holland's, and the toll is only a quarter.

A COUPLE of newly completed roads worth noting are the extension in Westchester of the Cross County Parkway, joining it with the Saw Mill River Parkway (which is now six lanes wide from the Cross County right down to the city line), and the Storm King Bypass over Storm King Mountain from West Point to Cornwall. The Westchester improvement eliminates one of the most galling bottlenecks in these parts, as anyone who has ever tried to drive up to Connecticut from the west side of Manhattan on a Sunday will sourly tell you—it was a case of a web of more or less beautiful parkways cut in two by the Yonkers-Mount Vernon street-car track. The Storm King Bypass is a six-mile stretch of four-lane road running approximately parallel to, and high above, the old, winding, and dangerously narrow Storm King Highway. The Bypass is not as exciting a drive as the Highway, and during much of the way the magnificent view of the river is cut off by trees, but there are a couple of vistas which, for sheer distance, exceed anything to be seen from the lower route.

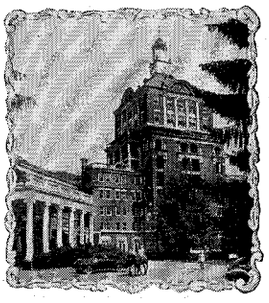
IT'S a great season for trick horns, as you may already have gathered, and if you are one of those who feel that a horn which merely goes "beep" is inadequate, you couldn't do better than drop into the Nil Melior automobile-accessory shop in the Waldorf-Astoria. Among the ready-made musical horns there is a three-note one on which, by means of buttons attached to the post of your steering wheel, you can pick out bars from "God Bless America," "Oh, Susanna," "The Old Gray Mare," and a number of other lovely ditties. It's $15, and with it you get a score to study, presumably when your car is not in motion. If you don't feel up to working out musical themes at the wheel, Nil Melior will make you a horn that automatically plays a few bars of any tune you wish—from "The Stars and Stripes Forever" to Beethoven's Fifth—for about $10 a note. The horn for me at this shop, though, is one designed to make it clear to truck-drivers that you're coming up from behind. It's attached to the exhaust and sounds like a steamboat whistle. The $32.50 version would do credit to a good-sized excursion vessel; the $42.50 size makes you think of the old days with the Queen Mary putting out from her pier.

—L. K. B.

"AFTER THE HOLIDAYS"

AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



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BOOKS

More Mormons, More Chinese

I SUPPOSE it's only fair that after Vardis Fisher's heatedly male "Children of God" we should have Maurine Whipple's "The Giant Joshua," offering a woman's-eye view of the Mormon adventure. Not that there is anything lavender-and-old-lacy about Miss Whipple. She can match candor for candor with Mr. Fisher, and violence for violence. If he gives you murders and massacres, persecutions and sufferings, so does she. Indeed, she has one advantage over Mr. Fisher in this business of sanguinary narrative, for she rushes into the field of obstetrics, where male novelists fear to tread. Any reader may secure a fair education in midwifery by paying close attention to the childbirths described in Miss Whipple's not quite interminable (six hundred and thirty-seven) pages. The emotional climate of "The Giant Joshua" may be described as almost steamily pullulative. Fertility-worshippers should go for it.

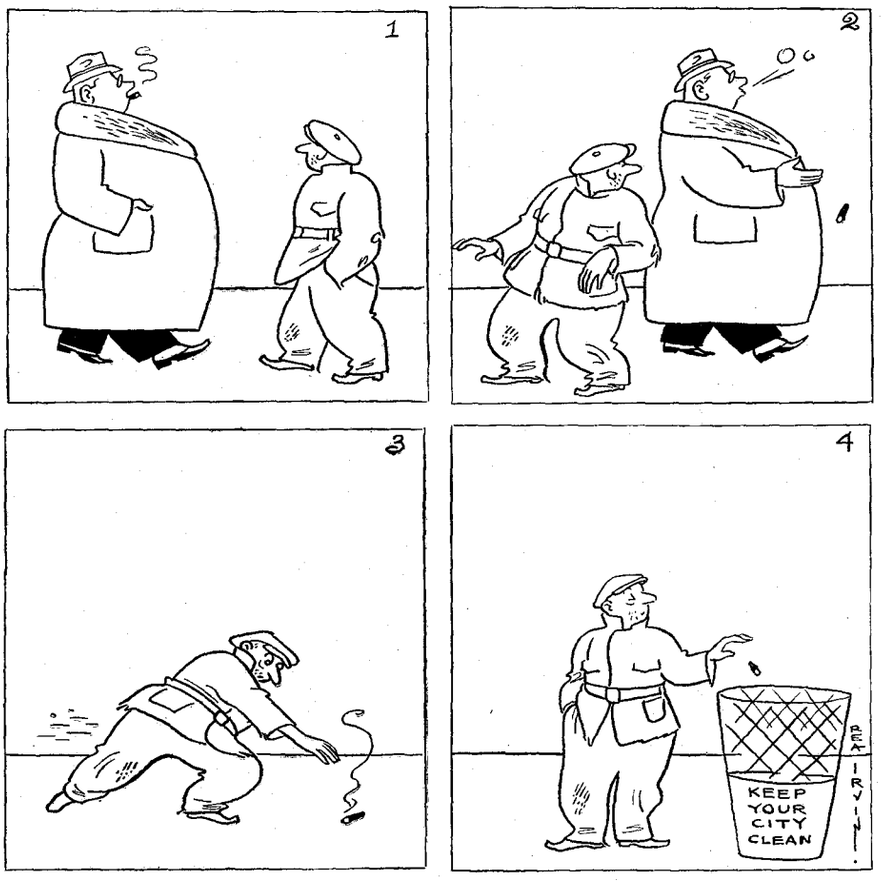
You will remember that the best part of Vardis Fisher's memorable story dealt with the early half of Mormon history, from Joseph Smith's first fits and frothings to the successful establishment of Salt Lake City under the dictatorship of Brigham Young. Miss Whipple is concerned mainly with what happened afterward, with the colonies sent out to other parts of Utah, in particular with the outpost she calls Dixie Mission. Mr. Fisher's novel is an epic of migration; Miss Whipple's is a story of settlement. Between them they trace the narrative curve of all pioneering adventures. It should be stated at once, however, and without circumlocution, that any reader who remembers "Children of God" will not find much to surprise him in "The Giant Joshua." This is hardly Miss Whipple's fault (doubtless her book was begun long before Mr. Fisher published his), but it is her bad luck. That's the trouble with being a historical novelist instead of a real one. There's only one history, and if a competitor beats you to the reference books, you're in the doghouse.

The heroine is Clory MacIntyre, sealed as the third wife of Abijah MacIntyre, a road-company Brigham Young. Clory herself begins as a kind of Mormon Katharine Hepburn, all fire and frivolity, but as the troubles and miscarriages pile up, she becomes more and more the standard noble pioneer mother, ending her days with the conventional romantic frontier "vision": "The torch was lit, even if it were only a tallow slut. Life would go on. . . . She saw them, the whole heroic cavalcade, marching toward deathless stars. . . . She felt a detached pity for the generations yet to come who couldn't plan and build a world. *Here*, she cried, reaching her bandaged hands across the years, *here it is: the Land of the Unlocked Door*. . . ."

As you can see from this sample, Miss Whipple's English style is not of the chastest design, but I guess you will read her book only for the most elementary story values, and also to find out what the girls themselves, when they really let down their hair, thought of the singular custom of plural marriage. Apparently nobody enjoyed polygamy, least of all the husbands, and it probably would have turned out a dud in the end, even if the United States government had not developed its brutally repressive policy. The trouble with Mormon polygamy was that its base, at any rate its avowed base, was religious and idealistic. Its purposes (heavenly) and its practices (regrettably human) were at variance. The followers of Mohammed are more cheerfully cynical about the harem and its pleasures, which is one reason both the institution and its devotees have such remarkable staying powers.

In addition to learning how Wife One, Wife Two, and Wife Three felt about each other, the reader will absorb a good deal of information about the Mormons' songs, superstitions, customs, and mythology, the sufferings they underwent, the Indians they fought, the droughts and diseases they bravely resisted, the crops they raised, the dissensions that tore them apart, and the deep religious feeling that kept them together. They were rather an unlovely people, for the harsh circumstances of their lives hardly encouraged the growth of the more tender sentiments, and Miss Whipple does not blink at their crudity. As she pithily puts it, "They were human beings by birth and only saints by adoption."

I cannot feel that as a narrative this can stand comparison with "Children of God," and as a work of imagination, it is no more than mediocre. But as a



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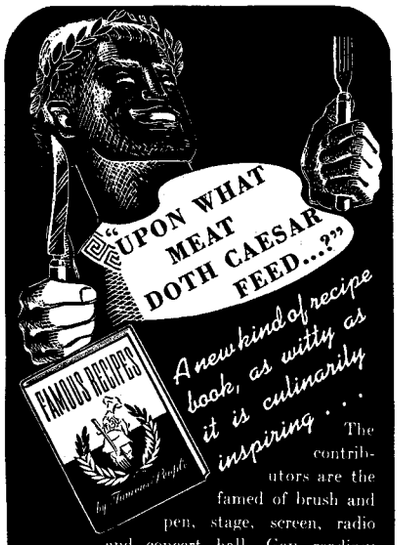

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piece of reconstruction, it is vigorous, animated, and perceptive, even humorous at times. Shorter, it would have been more effective. Miss Whipple, like most of the current crop of historical novelists, either does not know or does not care to know that a good piece of fiction is like a good piece of sculpture. It is what is cut away that counts.

PEARL BUCK's new book of stories of China, "Today and Forever," also stresses the feminine angle. The best of them deal with the part being played by the heroic women of China in the current war. Some of them, not quite as successful, contrast Western and Eastern ideals, not always to our disadvantage. The stories are clearly residue work, crumbs from the table of "The Good Earth" and its sequels. As always when she touches the East, Mrs. Buck writes with complete authority, but there is a kind of propaganda, or perhaps one had better say thesis quality, in these stories that reduces their effectiveness. Mrs. Buck is definitely a long-breathed writer; she works well when she has space to move about in. Confined within a smaller compass, her stories have somewhat the air of the diagram and the argument. This is not to say that they are not readable, and certainly there is not one that is anything but honestly and sincerely felt.

WHILE still on the subject of the Chinese, we might note Frank S. Stuart's superior thriller, "Caravan for China." This is a swaggering, romantic yarn full of murder, torture, and red-haired women, with the action laid in the time of Jesus and the narrative moving nimbly over all of Europe and Asia from Rome to Peiping. The hero is a gigantic Greek mercenary, Simon of Cyrene, who leads a trade caravan to the court of the Chinese Emperor in search of a glamour girl he had loved in childhood. A good deal of the color of the period comes through, though somewhat garishly, and Mr. Stuart secures a diverting if obvious effect by placing Times Square lingo in the mouths of Roman patricians, Levantine galley slaves, and Chinese concubines.

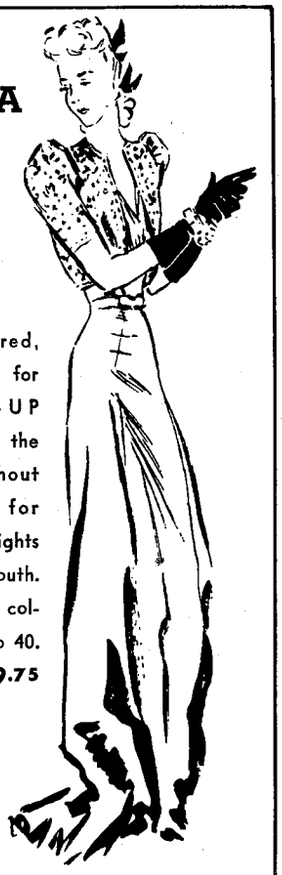
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SILENT DRUM, by Neil H. Swanson. With some of the same characters he wrote of in "The Judas Tree," Mr. Swanson describes another year in the American colonies

FIESTA



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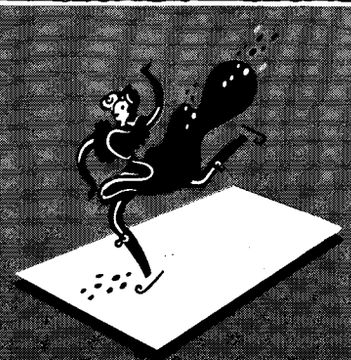

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—mostly Pennsylvania—in the mid-seventeen-sixties. The settlers fight grimly with the Indians and with the British Army; the Sons of Liberty are distantly heard from; there is much local color and contemporary detail, worked in cleverly, so that it seems a credible part of the narrative. A full-bodied, fast-moving story, readable and interesting.

NO STONE UNTURNED, by Josephine Lawrence. Many readers find Miss Lawrence's problem novels instructive and impressive. Others are merely annoyed by her carefully dull detail, the spinelessness of her characters, and their inability to understand practically anything. The current "problem" is that of parents who will not permit their children to grow up but keep on trying to manage and care for them long after they have stopped needing it.

GENERAL

LITTLE OSCAR COMES TO NEW YORK, by Oscar Fabrès. A story in pictures and captions, all about a rather wistful and bouncy little cartoonist who left Holland before the Nazis arrived and has made a name for himself in New York. Mildly amusing.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER OUT OF TURN, by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Detective Lieutenant Weigand of the New York police finds that his holiday is no holiday at all when he visits Mr. and Mrs. North in an outlying New York suburb. The Norths, also of *The New Yorker*, assist their detective guest in solving a couple of nasty crimes. Charming because of its friendliness and the dearth of dumb detectives.

MAIGRET TO THE RESCUE, by Georges Simenon. Maigret, the Inspector of the Paris *Police Judiciaire*, takes the cake again in two more of Simenon's detective classics. He travels to the Belgian-French border to solve one crime, and solves another in and around Paris. When it comes to mysteries, you won't find anything much better than this French author.

•

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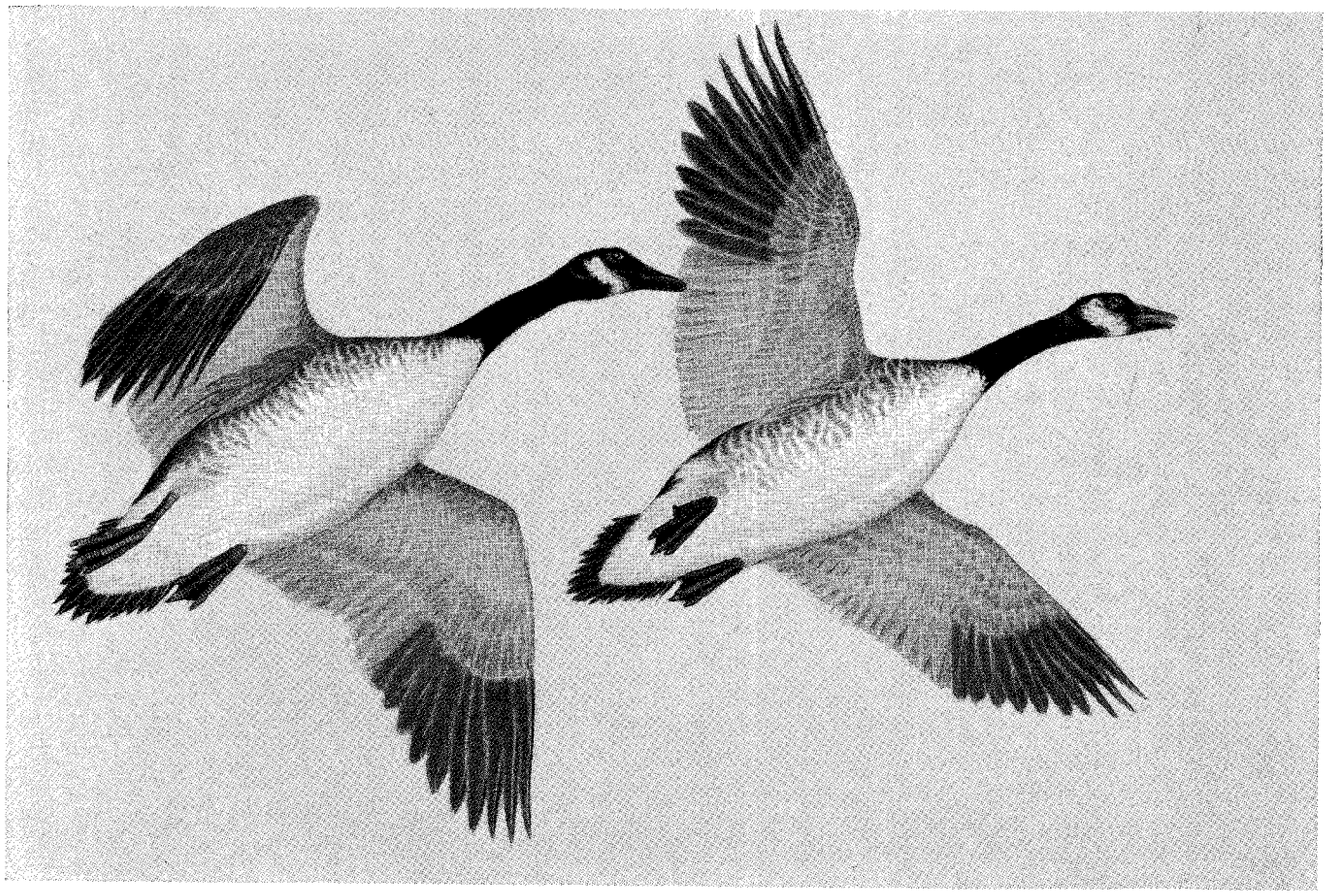

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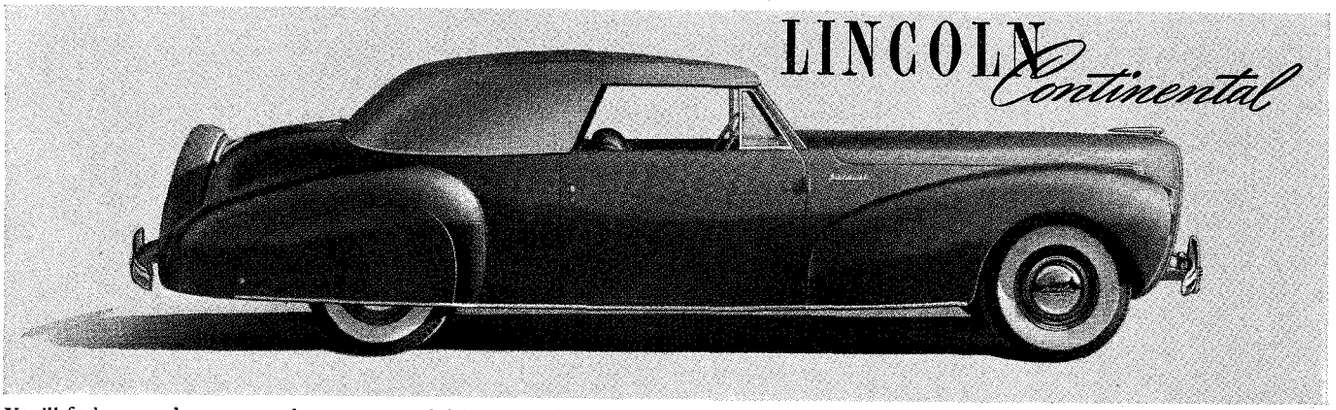

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